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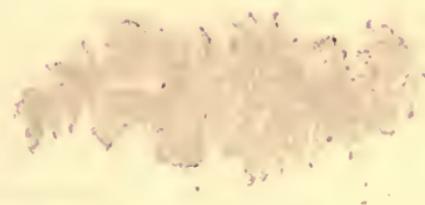
by George Nicholson, Stourport.

1811.

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A DESCRIPTIVE ESSAY
ON
B E W D L E Y,
&c.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED
TO THE HONOURABLE SIR THOMAS WINNINGTON, BART.

Of works divine, of art and nature's page,
And men whose virtues do each heart engage ;
Of beauties such as were in days of old,
And scenes like those the Shepherd* did behold,
When on the Mount he view'd the promis'd land,
To Israel given by an all gracious Hand,
When Jericho's rich vale he gladly saw,
And Abraham's sons, to whom he gave the law :
Sing heavenly muse, and be the lyre well strung,
The tuneful lyre, to which the Prophet sung,
When Judah's plains did with the praises ring,
Of great Jehovah, our eternal King.
Aurora, goddess of enliv'ning day,
Came smiling forth, and made the morning gay,
While in the east, the warm expansive sun,

*Deuteronomy, Chap. xxxii.

That pow'rful ruler had his course begun.
The cock had bid the sons of sloth to rise,
And th' gay lark was soaring in the skies ;
The gentle Zephyrs from sweet Severn blew,
More bright than India's gems th' orient dew.
The pure salubrious air fresh vigor gives,
Quickens the spirits, and cheers all that lives :
Braces the body and exalts th' mind,
To emulation and good deeds inclin'd.
The boist'rous waterman to soothe his care,
First smoak'd his pipe, then seiz'd the dashing oar,
Fragrant th' effluvia in the frosty air.
The bargeman's council near the bridge began,
Like Cromwell's party, tardy to a man ;
The sabled sweep was mounted on his throne,
Boasting aloud his early work is done, ON END OF
The Severn flowing like the river Nile,
To ev'ry Owner gives a thankful smile :
Except old Poolem with his narrow soul, now 10
Who growls altho' the quay is full of coal. back
The cryer makes to all the Borough known,
" That we've good salmon now just come to town,"
Our river is the place for that prime fish,
Which ev'ry where is call'd the rarest dish. top
Bewdley in ages past was nam'd the fair,
The ancients deem'd it healthy, pleasant, rare ; 11
And afterwards Bewdload by some 'twas wrote, 12
A place for loading timber of much note, 13
To build the Wooden walls of England fam'd, 14
Whose noble sons th' invincible are nam'd ; 15
The Street which is the chief, and call'd the Load,
Is now a well form'd, open pleasant road. 16
Which is from Worc'ster fourteen measur'd miles,
And near four more on Severn's bank o'er stiles ;

If you to Bridgenorth go thro' Shatterford,
Tis thirteen then, and you may take my word.
To Ludlow it is twenty, o'er Clee-hill,
And eight to Cleobury near to Hopton Mill;
To Kidderminster it is three, no more,
The same to Stourport on Severn's shore.
Bewdley of late has been with care improv'd,
And at great cost all nuisances are mov'd,
While connoisseurs have much the plan approv'd.
Near to this ancient Borough call'd the fair,
High fertile hills and nature's treasures are;
Wide, noble Severn's sweet meand'ring stream,
And flow'ry meads improve the poet's theme.
Ye sweet inspiring shades which gently move,
The heart of man to tenderness and love;
Hail blest abodes! ye soothe my mind to rest.
May no rough foot your hallow'd groves infest:
Here good Prince Arthur came to mend his health,
And men of genius have obtained their wealth,
Who with the same have done much good by stealth.
To these the royal James and good queen Anne,
A charter gave which much improv'd their plan;
The former said " Two members shall be sent,
In reg'lar order up to parliament:"
But for good reason after this was done,
The latter said, " You now shall send but one;"
Tis punctually observ'd—it does appear,
That loyal Andrews well becomes the chair.
The town was first built on the hill call'd Wyre,
A place which few in modern times admire;
But when the people more enlightened were,
They found great service in a River near.
Behold the works that Skey at Dowles did raise,
In Bewdley too, his labors merit praise:

There he by good example taught mankind,
The way that Crassus did his riches find :
His virtues and blest mem'ry will be dear,
To all good men of understanding clear ;
While fame proclaims to Nations o'er the Main,
We never shall behold his like again.

Here Roberts, Clarke and Pardoe write the law,
Seager and Baker much attention draw :
While Baugh and others from the pulpit tell,
That happiness consists in doing well :
That he who would in Paradise reside,
Must live by rule and in the Lord confide.

Like calm Aristides behold a Crane,
Who rules with Justice and whose mind's serene ;
See Fryer as a Magistrate upright,
Keep ev'ry virtue clearly in his sight :
He heals the wound made by affliction's dart,
The med'cine gives and cures th' afflicted part,
While Prattinton like Mead doth set us right,
And learned Kenrick gives to all a light.

About two thousand souls inhabit near,
The men are clever, and the ladies fair ;
Here fine horn combs and sailor's caps are made,
The latter once was call'd the staple trade.

In copper, brass and iron much is done,
The best of pewter here is also run ;
Dry salter's goods by Skey and son are ground,
And near the same the sweetest cyder's found,
With hops the rarest in the country round.

Three houses here prepare the stoutest leather,
Well tann'd and fit to bear cold Russia's weather ;
By Severn-side the finest oils are found,
The best of brushes in the Country round ;
West India's produce in great plenty's here,

Rich wines, good drugs and genuine spirits rare ;
Our good wives' sausages are made so nice,
They're sold in London at a heavy price.
Here's kill'd the best of mutton and of beef,
The richest ale here's brew'd, to cure your grief,
And if you're sick you soon may find relief.
For law and physic we were always fam'd,
And but few here have dames that need be tam'd.
Bewdley has oft been call'd the seat of trade,
From which for ages past has been convey'd,
The goods which all the northern towns have made.
Design'd for western parts or for the seas,
Such things in distant climes must always please ;
Four carriers go to Bristol each spring-tide,
Whose trows upon the Severn swiftly glide,
In their dispatch and care we may confide.
Friend Devey long ago succeeded Beale,
He studies much his true employer's weal :
While Belsham and his partner Reynolds are,
Faithful in freight committed to their care ;
The Owner Mules, who now lives at Stourport,
Each spring-tide also goes to Bristol Port :
So good dame Crump* who sells a cup of ale,
Steers safe as they and has a prosp'rous gale.

Good baskets are made here of diff'rent sorts,
Some for home use, and some for foreign ports ;
The best of cloths are also here display'd, †
For those who would be a-la-mode array'd.
Now if a stately bed is for you meet,
Then here is such, with furniture complete ;
Or if you would in gaudy colours move,
Their ribbands will entice you much to love.

* At the Cock and Magpye, Bewdley.

† Door above the George Inn.

The soil near Bewdley is the stiffest clay,
And makes the best of bricks for buildings gay ;
But on the other side the River here,
It does a perfect running sand appear.
In many places here 't is mixt and good,
Which does produce the very best of food ;
Some wheat, much barley here we always grow,
Fine turnips and large carrots too they sow.
Our vegetables noted were of old,
And good as those in Covent garden sold ;
We have the Royal family in flowers,
And Kelsey's shrubs form sweet Elysian bowers.*
Under a tree in his plantation fair,
You see the Borough like a landscape rare ;
Thus faintly I describe this favor'd land,
And now behold the bailiff† takes my hand :
He does preside as Justice of the quorum,
Clerk o' th' market—first man in the forum ;
A toll is due to him for all the grain,
By public contract sold in this domain ;
He punishes for crimes and oft doth send,
To County goal the man who dares offend.
Another Justice we've to take the chair,
A chief recorder, and Town-Clerk are here,
Twelve Aldermen in robes also appear.
In gowns two Sergeants, each doth bear a mace,
And constables here are to keep the peace :
A cryer here doth each days bus'ness tell,
At night keeps watch, and sees that all is well.
The burgesses are by election made,
They're not confin'd to number or to trade :
The bailiff and six aldermen can cease,

* See his useful garden near Winterdyne.

† Thomas Howard Crane, Geat.

To make more votes, or they choose whom they
The manor's lord is our own Winnington, [please.
Whose well known virtues many hearts have won:
Court-baron he by special right can hold,
In which surrender's made when lands are sold,
And court-leet where the nuisances are told.

On Saturdays a market is held here,
For good provisions, and for other ware;
Three fairs here are in ev'ry rolling year,
Which are allow'd in ancient Charter clear.
The first is held upon Saint George's day,
Which is a week before the first of May:
The second fair's Saint Ann's, an ancient name,
Now's kept on monday next before the same;
The third was on the thirtieth of November,
But now is held on 'leventh of December.
Fat-hogs and cattle here are brought for sale,
And grain as fine as that in Ev'sham's vale,
With all you'd have by measure, weight or tale.
Our charter'd rights and privileges told,
The stately buildings I must next behold:
A modern bridge like this must give surprise,
It is a feast to ev'ry traveller's eyes.
A noble structure firm and very neat,
By Simpson rear'd in two years quite complete:
In sev'nteen hundred ninety seven begun,
And wrought with master-touch in pure white stone.
There's great perfection in some modern men,
Who much excel in cunning work like Wren.
In this great cost good Andrews had a share,
Done by the Corporation with due care;
The work does beautify the town indeed,
Of which I'm sure there was the greatest need.
The Church is modern and a finish'd piece,

Much better work was never done in Greece :
Eight handsome pillars do support the roof;
Well turn'd they are, and ev'ry stone is proof;
'Tis neatly pew'd with English heart of oak,
The parson's lik'd and ev'ry seat 's bespoke.
The altar-piece was drawn by Alcock bright,
Which strikes the mind with awe & charms the sight.
At length the steeple was brought-forth by Knight,
In which eight pleasant bells do sometimes ring,
To honour Albion and her noble King.
Two engines near the same are kept entire,
The gift of Lyttelton,* to quench a fire;
There 's leather buckets to supply the same,
With water from sweet Severn's silver stream.
Fatigue and hunger now I found were mine,
I took refreshment at great George's sign;
A house convenient, where the grandees dine.
Here all is set in order, clean and good,
You have at all times had the best of food;
The travellers too, find all is fit and meet,
In mother Crump the hostess is complete.
A coffee-room is here for those that choose,
To study politics and hear what news,
To have a little chat, and pass a joke,
But not a word indecent must be spoke.
Now when th' bus'ness of the day is done,
'Tis good to know how things abroad go on;
Intelligence is good to all in trade,
By which the best connexions oft are made:
Besides, it's to our int'rest when we know,
How men's affairs in England ebb and flow.
He little learns who always stays at home,
Of proper knowledge, they that count the sum.

* George Lord Lyttelton, the good. He was all that is pleasing in man. See the "Deist reclaimed."

Have travell'd far, and read of Greece and Rome.
Of which there many are I have no doubt,
Who can with ease th' 'crostic here make out

Q uintilian said unto his fav'rite son,
U nless you know yourself you are undone ;
I love the man who for his friend can bleed,
D elight in those that see the world and read.

N ot one of those be thou who do contend,
U nwise the man who ne'er thinks on his end :
N one are so blest as those that live by rule,
C onceit you 'll find oft makes the man a fool.

These four initials clearly shew what 's meant,
By those who do a coffee-room frequent ;
And thus we find 't is nat'ral to inquire,
How men grow wealthy, and great fame acquire,
Intelligence that 's good allays the thirst,
How blest the man who brings the tidings first :
So charming is that jocund sound, good news,
Explain the derivation, pray, my muse.

N orth is a quarter, coldest of the four,
E ast is for riches, where is golden ore :
W est is for heat to English men unkind,
S outh is the point, whence comes our trading wind.

This comprehensive word doth much infuse,
From it's initials came the word call'd news.
In social life's the truest joys we find,
It e'er promotes the welfare of mankind ;
Much peace have they who act by friendship's laws,
And are combin'd in one good common cause.
In sweet society 'tis understood,
That all were born to study public good ;

How great the pleasure when we cease from strife,
And unity much tends to sweeten life.
The man who loves his neighbor is at rest,
He's rich indeed, and has a constant feast ;
But poor is he whom malice e'er doth sway,
In heavy storms he always spends his day.
Reader, I hope my maxims you approve,
Since there's no life for me where there's no love.

Behold the members* in th' Assembly-room,
Where harmony and peace together bloom ;
They meet four times a year, protect the fair,
Who desolate, and without husbands are,
And each of these have twenty pounds a year.
The members whose just age is full threescore,
Has also twenty pounds and something more.
A fund there is, six thousand pounds, above,
Each member pays three pounds a year with love :
Besides an entrance of seven guineas down,
And for a dinner once a year a crown.
No candidate's admitted I am told,
Who is aught more than thirty-three years old ;
The widows now in number are nineteen,
There's fourteen aged members too I ween :
These are attended to with friendly care,
And thus they save a hundred pounds a year,
One hundred, eighteen members now they are.
Thanks be to God, who does their lives preserve,
And give us all much more than we deserve ;
May those that meet in silken bands of love,
E'er find protection from the pow'rs above.

A new Town-hall† in Load-street here's well
done,

* The Annuity Society, instituted Apr. 20th 1786, for the benefit of widows and aged members.

† Finished in the year 1810.

Built by a master-hand with rare white stone ;
'T is firm, yet lightsome, elegant tho' plain,
And beauty wthout ostentation vain.
The Session-Court in front's a spacious room,
It has been much admir'd indeed by some ;
And would have pleas'd in ancient Greece or
Rome.

The Council-room is quite convenient made,
For Jury-business and the good of trade ;
Another chamber is for parish-rates,
Relieving poor, and granting them due meats :
A closet also is 'tween latter two,
In which the Crier has some work to do,
Such country halls I 'm sure there are but few.

In High-street is the asylum for th' poor,
Where helpless people find a friendly door :
The House well manag'd, is kept clean and sweet,
And ev'ry pauper has the thing that 's meet :
This is a credit to the town indeed,
May heav'n preserve the poor and those that need.
A little further, on I found a friend,
To whom I freely did my mind unbend :
Happy is he who such a one can choose,
And blest the man who courts with ease the muse.
Pleasant the area in the street that 's made,
And sweet the willow with her soothing shade :
The hour is elegant, convenient too,
The gardens pretty in a taste that 's new.
The justice opposite a court displays,
Where lords and ladies shew their splendid rays ;
The lady of the house is often seen,
In acts of kindness like our gracious queen ;
And he, the master of the ancient seat,
Resembles Burleigh in a chair of state,

A useful Free-school well endow'd is near,
Of which the corporation has the care,
Hail charity that name for ever dear.
Happy the rising generation find
Great care is found to cultivate their mind ;
See Cawood in a temper meek and mild,
As we should go, so he does train the child.
The poor shall bless him for his life by rule
And all commend him for his Sunday-school.
Four alms-houses in that same street were given,
By one who it is hop'd is gone to heav'n.
Six more in Lowerpark were also rais'd,
By Winnington* who will be ever prais'd,
The great improvement in that neighb'rhood's such,
We must approve the good designers much.
Four gates a centry past in Bewdley were,
To keep our enemies from plund'ring here :
The welsh-gate first was made as said before,
And Doglane-gate was rear'd in days of yore.
Another did upon the old bridge stand,
Made strong, to keep the rebels from this land ;
The fourth was Tinker's-gate in Lower park ;
Erected you 'll suppose in ages dark,
And tho' mankind now find a better way,
The two first nam'd are standing to this day.
Return my muse, it is not fit and meet,
That we should lightly touch things in High-street ;
As pure religion here does make abode,
We 'll rev'rence ev'ry sect that does serve God.
Three Meeting-houses in the same street are,
Where 's much resort to serve the Lord in pray'r ;
The first, for protestant dissenters rear'd,

* Sir Edward Winnington Bart. Lord of the Manor and then
representative of this Borough.

By men who always have their Maker fear'd ;
The second for the baptists, who I trow,
Immerge the man who makes a christian vow,
And such are right for all that I do know.
The third is for the methodists who are,
Desirous to become our Saviour's care,
And frequently they give themselves to prayer,
In this we must suppose there's no deceit.
Because they've little worldly profit in it :
And if they're faithful as they seem to be,
Their method's good, and I'll with them agree.
There's one more sort of worship I'll relate,
Whose meeting-house is near to Tinker's-gate,
Where oft in God they do in silence wait.
By some they're friends, by others quakers nam'd,
The head of which was William Penn much fam'd,
In Pennsylvania fair he made his road,
While others follow'd, and there took abode,
This is, said he, " the garden of our God."
No outward forms, nor sacraments they use,
They say the Spirit does what they would chuse,
Their gentle manners does with most folks take.
Among the friends we seldom find a rake,
And in their Church the women sometimes speak.

Reader, we now have serious work to do,
Than let the same have contemplation due,
Religion's not a thing of light concern,
Would we be wise, we must our duty learn ;
Nor only learn, but practise what we know,
From pure religion all true bliss does flow :
Which is to act aright in deed and word,
And in sincerity to serve the Lord ;
To visit and relieve the troubled heart,
To take the fatherless and widow's part,

And heal the wound made by the worldling's dart;
 Who helps the man to right that suffers wrong,
 'T is he's the fav'rite in the poet's song.
 It matters not upon what sort of place,
 We worship God, and run our daily race;
 Nor do I say one living man's to blame,
 Whose tenets bear this, that, or t' other name:
 Since he that would in Heaven's glad courts appear,
 And treads the path that leads directly there;
 Whatever name to his religion's giv'n,
 He is accepted by the Lord of heaven:
 But surely there can be no Heaven for those,
 Who do their Maker and his laws oppose:
 Teach me, O Lord, to walk with thee aright,
 But if I'm wrong, then give me better light,

Two banks of greatest credit near me stand,
 Who draw, and always have effects in hand:
 Their notes are good, and serve instead of cash,
 With which the well fed-farmers sometimes dash.
 Without these things in trade we could not do,
 Now our allies, for us no farther go;
 Therefore support the banks and use them well,
 Keep good accounts, for these will always tell,
 Be up to time, thus few have ever fell.

Now by the bustling folks 't is market-day,
 All nimble-footed, and bedeck'd so gay,
 The gates are op'd, the sales are all begun,
 And in the Market-place there is much done.
 The house is roomy, very clean and neat,
 The shambles well contriv'd for butcher's meat:
 Great part of these, Lord Lyttelton* did do,

* William Henry Lord Lyttelton, he was thrice elected representative of this Borough, the steady statesman, the honest and well informed ambassador, who did honour to nobility.

In spacious Load-street where's a pleasant view,
The stalls are number'd large, and fitly made; A
An' area here affords a good parade; O
What here is sold at market-price I'd take, !
And ask no questions for my conscience sake.
In autumn-season here the hops are sold,
While many a joke, and pretty tale is told; t
With sage remarks on times both new and old.
The scales of justice in the centre stand, A
And ev'ry seller hath his right demand: b
At twelye o'clock here's rung a market-bell; c
Then all are free to either buy or sell.
Standings and forms for country folks here are,
Hawker, or not, here you may vend your ware,
I wish provisions were not quite so dear. b
Of this sad case both rich and poor complain, v
Some say 'tis caus'd by pride and av'rice vain;
Others affirm 't is speculation's work, t
While some protest 't is only Satan's quirk. d
If I may speak in this important cause, l
And judge of things by true impartial laws, i
The wealthy merchants have by foreign trade, IT
And good connexions, noble fortunes made.
Thus men grown rich, like Crassus they will rise,
And use with great discernment both their eyes; M
So having property at their command, l
They make large purchases in English land: H
And where the buyers are in plenty found,
The price enhances all the world around;
Thus land sells high, it's produce mends of course,
And men in common do more cash disburse;
Now most love luxuries as well as ease,
Both rich and poor their palate oft will please,
Where much indulgence is in living nice,

We're sure to find advancement in the price,
Another thing I find by looking round,
Our numbers are increas'd on English ground:
Thousands are now by skilful doctors sav'd,
Which would in ages dark have been engrav'd:
The small pox now no ravages does make,
And men in wisdom, proper physic take;
The nostrums made by old mistaken dames,
Are done away, and view'd as empty dreams;
And therefore wholesome food in greatest store,
Is now more wanted than in days of yore,
Thus ev'ry article we use in life,
Becomes in great demand, and causes strife.
Because the good things of this world all are,
Divided so, there's not an equal share:
And surely equal it can never be,
Opinions differ, yet all should agree.
With what we have let's learn to be content,
No better science e'er did man invent,
It is the happiest knowledge Heaven hath lent.

Alone now strolling up the Crown-park-lane,
The poor old women's tents that were so mean;
I found in part were taken down and rear'd
Anew by men who will be lov'd and fear'd.
My friend that's near, who does stout leather dress,
Whom fickle fortune does sustain and bless,
Has here soime taste display'd I must confess.
Near on an elevated spot of ground,
Doth Tick'nhill rise, the boast of neighbors round.
The seat of Ingram, elegant and plain,
From whence we view a vast and rich domain.
The tufted hills, the flowery garden fair,
The town beneath, the flowing stream is near,
Inspiring shade is that frequented grove.

Where lovers walk and tell their tales of love.

Reader, perhaps you've travell'd far from home,
And read of Cicero in ancient Rome:

He had a villa, in old hist'ry fam'd,
Which, as 'tis said, the Tusculan was nam'd;

The same was rear'd to be the Muses seat,
Built by the sons of Romulus the great.

Among the pleasant villages and groves,
Which ev'ry man of information loves;

Much like the orator's fair structure high,
Doth Tickenhill rise, delight of ev'ry eye.

Here Ingram stray'd to ease his toils and cares,
Well vers'd in law, he manag'd great affairs:

Experienc'd Ingram, to thy deathless praise,
This grateful monument doth Bewdley raise.

Like Somers steady to his friend and trust,
Like good Lycurgus he was styl'd the just.

Because thou didst maintain thy Country's cause,
And stood'st up firmly in a rightful cause:

Thy greatest pleasure was to cease from strife,
And thy reward is everlasting life.

As Michael led the first of human race,
From eastern paradise that heav'nly place;
Even so Urania did my footsteps guide;
Proceed said she, no harm shall thee betide.

To Hayley's grafted orchard next I came,
Rich valley, water'd by a lucid stream;
Enlivening scene, most like some citron grove,
For poets form'd and soft creative love.

The rarest sort of grateful fruit are here,
The choicest apple, and the richest pear:
By Grayland planted with judicious care.

The jargonel, the favo'd rennet too,
Of flavor excellent and golden hue;

The swan-egg also, and a sort quite large,
Which is train'd up at much expense and charge,
These do the palate of the ladies please,
And much relieve 'em in a certain case;
A winding walk goes round the shaggy hill,
Which terminates near yon sweet purling rill;
Lone quiet here in secret transport moves,
And such the man of information loves.
Now let me mark sagacious Hayley's* urn,
Who did like Solon daily something learn;
Guide of my youth, he manners knew and men,
My friend said he, " Know how to use your pen;
" Examine all things, but hold fast the good,
Enrich your mind, it is the best of food."
His fame will live just like his soul sublime,
Convey'd thro' ages to the end of time.
Still farther by my gentle mistress led,
I eastward mov'd up Catshill's fertile mead;
Delightful land, where sportful fawns have play'd,
When royal Tudor England's sceptre sway'd:
Then yon gay copse and all the country near,
Was held for pleasure, and well stock'd with deer.
The stag was sometimes turn'd out for the chase,
Where now the fleecy flocks in gambols race;
And where the fierce wild-boar did seek his prey,
There John and Betty make the new mow'd hay.
'Tis thus in nature's walks we see mankind,
Some hew the wood, and some the water wind:
Nothing in thorny life keeps in one stay,
Some are industrious, others always play:
Some seek for plunder, like great Buonaparté,
Some are deceitful, and a few are hearty.

* Mr. John Hayley, late of Bewdley, an eminent tanner,

† King Henry the 7th.

Thus ruminating o'er things old and new,
Time passes on, and Ribbs'ford is in view.
Romantic Ribb'sford, near the crystal flood !
On whose rich borders Herbert's* mansion stood,
Here in the winding glade sweet philomel,
In soft nocturnal notes her tale doth tell ;
Here ev'ry warbler of the rural grove,
Chants nature's songs of gratitude and love.
The swelling verdant copse affords a scene,
Which e'er must make the searching mind serene,
The fruitful orchard and the garden fair,
In orders planted by the hand of care.
The moss-grown terrace, and the rich parterre,
A noble avenue is also here.
Down which you pass to hear the holy word,
The seat of ancient grandeur is Ribb'sford.
The house is newly modell'd, but stands low,
Round which here formerly a stream did flow :
Where now a sloping, beauteous lawn is spread,
And each sweet vernal flow'r doth rear it's head.
Two lofty noble towers here backwards are,
In which the ancient taste does plain appear :
The rooms are spacious and convenient too,
The furniture is choice and mostly new.
Hail friendly Prattinton, may'st thou enjoy
Sweet Ribb'sford's shades, & none thy peace annoy ;
But yonder comes the pleasant man with speed,
He's Nimrod-like, well mounted on his steed ;
The sport is great, the hounds are in full cry,
The chase is hard, and reynard soon must die.
'T was pure refreshing eve, and Sol was low,
Each gilded object makes my bosom glow :

* Henry Lord Herbert, Baron of Cherbury, who died April 5th
1738. He descended from the Tudors.

Here as I gently trod the flowery mead,
To some sweet fairy land it seem'd to lead;
Behold the aged oak on yonder lawn,
In which the picture of our frame is drawn;
By weight of years the body's shorter made:
The branch decay'd, hangs like a bull-rush head.
The falling leaf, the rip'ning acorn too,
Are hints to man what he should daily do;
Prepare kind reader for thy latest stage,
Would'st thou true comfort find in hoary age:
Since faster than the oak impair'd, thy frame
Decays, and leaves behind an empty name.

Of that ag'd Church, the grave, the solemn yews,
True monitors to all, sing happy muse:
And oft remind me that I am but dust;
Remember God requires the thing that's just.
Behold the farthest verge our eyes can trace,
Here rests the body, here all sorrows cease:
The sabled monument, the mould'ring wall,
Methinks proclaim that death is near to all;
The spade, the bier, the mattock and the tomb,
Are emblems of the awful change to come;
The rich and poor without distinction meet,
And Herbert moulders at a rustic's feet:*

Titles but little at our death avail,
Since life is finish'd as an evening tale;
A christian is the title man should gain,
No higher honor he can e'er obtain.
No more the sharp contest's maintain'd by Slade,
And all Crump's honors in the dust are laid;
The former in the time of good queen Anne,
Was much respected as an Alderman:
He caus'd our Charter to be newly fram'd,

* See their monuments in the chancel.

And fill'd the Chamber up with those he nam'd.[†]
 The latter was a connoisseur in law,
 And did attention from the gentry draw;
 Great wealth and reputation he obtain'd,
 And yet with all, he at his death complain'd,
 Tho' much kind providence for him had done,
 Because the Lord ne'er blest him with a son:
 Therefore he did to Nabal's* children give
 His bags of cash, that they may eat and live.
 Who would be wealthy and perplex his mind,
 To gain that fortune most have hope to find,
 When die we must, and leave the whole behind?
 Man heaps up riches to obtain a name,
 And knoweth not who gathers well the same.
 'T is clearly seen that all we have or do,
 Is soon brought down to just six feet by two.
 Behold the house appointed for our 'bode,
 Prepare, prepare my soul to meet thy God!
 Think how thou wilt before his face appear,
 And that the hour of death to thee is near.

Beneath that crowded, middle isle was laid,
 The dear remains of my relation^t dead;
 'Twas he who did me up to manhood rear,
 And fed me daily with a parent's care;
 He pour'd instruction o'er my tender mind,
 " My boy", said he, " to virtue be inclin'd,
 Whate'er your line in life, make this your plan,
 To be the honest and industrious man."
 He knew no guile, was candid and sincere,
 Firm in his purpose, in his judgment clear:
 Such was the friend who merits all my praise,
 To him this thankful monument I raise.

* 1 Samuel, chap. xxv.

† An eminent tradesman, late of Bewdley.

Twice more, my peace, like doctor Young's, was
slain,
And death relentless came again, again!
Two girls are in yon elevated* ground,
Who long in health, like well-grown plants were
found,
They shot forth as the olive branch, bid fair,
To give me comfort and reward my care.
Sickness prevail'd, my children both were lost,
The tyrant came, (thus all my joy was crost,)
And cut them off as with a nipping frost.
Reader, if such a case was ever thine,
Believe me now, thy heart-felt pangs are mine.

And shall my friend, good Nathan Adey be
Forgotten by, a thoughtless wretch like me?
What tho' to dust his honest heart's consign'd,
Yet all must know that he was good and kind:
His candid plainness was by most approv'd,
He dy'd lamented, by the poor belov'd.
And shall I not Brookholding's praises sing,
Whose heart was gen'rous as great George our king.
The husband tender, and the father kind,
With noble sentiments of honor join'd.
An hearty Sheward too, whose open hand,
Shall be remember'd with my worthy band;
His prudence and industry will be known,
When no more's seen his monumental stone.
While candid Bancks† shall be my utmost care,
Whose mem'ry will to all good men be dear;
Th' upright man of useful and superior parts,
The man of knowledge in mechanic arts.
His brother William too, of honest ways,

* The upper end of the Church-Yard.

† Mr. Christopher Bancks, a wealthy and respected tradesman, late of Bewdley.

Deserves much more than all the poet's praise :
He gave to brass and copper master-touch,
His words were few, his understanding much.

See o'er the earth is spread an awful gloom,
The world's inanimate, and all is dumb ;
The morning star and sun no more look gay,
And sabled robes have clad th' mournful day.
The knell's proclaim'd o'er Severn's fertile shore,
Our lov'd preceptor Beresford's no more :
He gave to youth the cultivated mind,
And shew'd how base the man to vice inclin'd ;
Whene'er he found his moral precepts fail,
His good example then did much avail.
He said 't was learning and industry made,
The man to shine in senate or in trade ;
In youth he sail'd upon the ocean wide,
Clearly explain'd the motion of the tide ;
His fertile genius ev'ry science caught,
For he by heav'n, and not by man was taught.
He charm'd the ear with sweet melodious breath,
But now alas ! the charmer rests in death :
He's gone, for ever gone, where's no return !
And grateful Fame inscribes his sacred urn.

Beneath yon verdant yew a stone is near,
Which tells us that a damsel fair lies there ;
Who was for ev'ry filial duty lov'd,
A christian she, by young and old approv'd.
Her friends disconsolate now daily mourn,
But what avails it ? all this lesson learn,
“ That dust we are and shall to dust return.”

In a new tomb, more near the church is laid,
A friend experienc'd, whom I long had try'd ;
He serv'd me well, his death I much lament,
At such a loss I must indeed relent,

Yet 't is God's will, and I must be content.

A curious piece was wrought in days of yore,
'T is stone, and now stands o'er the old porch door.
It represents a man, the Horse-hill John his name,
Who shot a buck near Severn's lucid stream,
And kill'd a salmon when he did the same.
Behold a cell with moss and weeds o'ergrown,
Promiscuous heap, where human bones are thrown;
Here heads together lie, reliev'd from care,
The last remains of many damsels fair.
Methought I heard a warning voice from one,
Who oft was toasted by the beaux in town,
Thus speak the florid youth in doleful tone.

Ye Bewdley nymphs that foremost stand,
And have the beaux at your command:
Attend a while your sister's lay,
And hear what mould'ring dust would say:
'I once had wit, was handsome too,
Had sweet admirers, not a few,
The man was blest who by my side
Could flatter well my youthful pride;
The bon-ton rules I made my creed,
And novels only I could read:
The toilet much engag'd my hours,
Beauty alone I thought had powers.
Mistaken notions, poor parade,
You see such beauty's form to fade:
An empty scull—the dust you see,
Is all that now remains of me:
My wit was little else but froth,
My outward charms were nothing worth:
No lasting beauty can you find,
But what is seated in the mind;
Virtue alone is beauty true,

You need no more, my friends adieu. Come

As up the orchard where sweet cherries grow,
And lovers meet, I pensive walk and slow:
My guide and friend, a rev'rend preacher here,
Is come to taste the sweet salubrious air.
I love to hear the precepts from his tongue;
They oft have set me right when I was wrong;
I love the man of information good;
His pure instructions are the best of food:
I love the soul who does, like him, impart
The balm of comfort to the troubled heart;
Such is the man my rustic muse commends,
We met like neighbors and continue friends:
And while I stray'd a clock now gave a sound,
Which speaks how swift the fleeting hours move
round;

This must be noted, a momentum rare,
Which should be valu'd with the greatest care:
How few e'er count the worth of half their hours,
How many to be rich employ their powers;
But know, vain man, important times more dear,
Than all the wealth thou canst by traffic clear;
What woud'st thou give for one more hour when
death,
Comes with his dart and robs thee of thy breath.
He comes and finds thee with great horrors nigh,
He comes and finds thee quite unfit to die:
Work now while it is call'd to day, and mean
To be prepar'd for an eternal scene!

Courting the muse, towards the park I mov'd,
Transporting scene, by connoisseurs approv'd:
There Bennett strays in philosophic mood,
Anxious, like Chatham, for his country's good.
In him the friend, the gentleman you find,
Made to engage, and to adorn mankind;

“Come with me now,” said he, “and take some rest,
My garden here in all it’s beauty’s drest:”
We walk’d together, ‘t was indeed a feast:
The spot’s well chosen, near the road that leads
To Horse-hill farm, and other goodly meads;
By just gradation you ascend the hill,
Which does the mind with purest ardor fill.
When to the rich luxuriant top you come,
’Tis like a scene once near majestic Rome;
A well train’d fir here shades a seat that’s plain,
From whence you view this country’s wide domain.
Led by the muse from Horse-hill copse, each view,
And sweet delightful scenes yield beauty new;
As o’er th’ enchanting ground my footsteps rise,
And fairy groves still feast my longing eyes.
Near Liv’rage-House I found a bulky tree,
Which is a beauty, such we seldom see:
A branch so curious made me mark the same,
While thro’ the Oak there thrives a yew by name:
A thing so rare I must with care note down,
Because I ne’er beheld the like I own;
Nature is wonderful in all her ways,
They merit more than even Shakespear’s praise;
Returning homewards on the path I came,
I kept in mind the dear extatic theme.
Tick’nill and Winterdyne here charm your eyes,
And tow’ring hills like Grecian villas rise;
The grove that to the Cherry-orchard leads,
Displays a scene like Athen’s myrtle shades:
Nor can the grounds that backward stand less please,
They fill the mind with pure poetic ease;
The winding valley and the purling rill,
Whose beauteous stream doth work that useful mill;
These are the pleasing haunts by nature giv’n,

That oft remind us of the ways of Heav'n.
The garden is the scene I next survey'd,
Where all is neatness, and in order laid ;
The hot-house, tho' not large, is well contriv'd,
To great perfection pines have there arriv'd.
The lemons and the oranges are fine,
And much resemble those that grow in Spain :
Sometimes green pease in winter here do grow,
And strawberries blossom while we've frost & snow.
The grape in vernal month we see appear,
In short, it's whole contents is good and rare :
The winding paths are long—in beauty run,
Each plant and tree doth face the morning sun :
By Sol reviv'd, the produce here is much,
And ev'ry flower has had the master touch.
The shrubs are curious and selected well,
Whose virtues always yield a fragrant smell.
While nearly ev'ry tree that suits our soil,
Is planted here with much expense and toil.
The plants are beautiful, and set with care,
You would suppose that Linnaeus had been here :
Prolific spot ! here could I, free from strife,
Enjoy the pleasures of a rural life.
Hail blest assemblage of inspiring shades,
Where ev'ry muse each peaceful path pervades ;
Where no rude foot shall haunt the hallow'd grove,
For contemplation form'd and ardent love.
Nor dare one base, ungen'rous thought intrude,
Be mine the gentle, soft creative mode :
Grant me kind Heaven a snug and small retreat,
Where I may think, and envy not the great.
Then farewell pomp and ev'ry grandeur vain,
Thus would I live and never more complain ;
Rest undisturb'd, and grateful be to Heaven,

For all the comforts which the Lord hath given,
From this delightful land descending slow,
I bent my way, where choicest fruits do grow;
The apple beautiful and flavor'd well,
A pear more rich than that produc'd in Zell;
Those grace the board and please the palate too;
And yield a liquor lik'd by not a few;
Which long has been o'er distant countries fam'd,
And that sweet spot's the Golden-valley nam'd.

As Eve was led by some good hand divine,
Evn so my muse did with me now combine,
To sing the beauties of sweet Winterdyne.
Labors of God and man are here combin'd,
To charm the fancy and improve the mind.
High on an eminence this structure stands,
The boast and envy of the neighb'ring lands;
Near Bewdley's Borough and by Severn's stream,
Like some fair palace in a pleasant dream.
Here cloud-capt rocks must make the bosom glow,
While nature's beauties in abundance grow;
Here wood and water, hill and dale conspire,
To glad the soul with more than mortal fire.
How rich, how noble is th' expanding scene,
Which adds fertility to thought serene:
Guide me, all gracious and creative God,
And let me walk with thee the happy road.
Behold a land like Moab's goodly plains,
A land resembling Gilead's vast domains,
Where fruit like Caleb's in great plenty grows,
A land where milk and sweetest honey flows,
Here providence her choicest gifts bestows.
As on the middle rock I pensive stood,
Viewing Sol's beams upon the limped flood:
A spirit blest then whisper'd in my ear,

Mark well my words, and write in letters fair.
 ' These are the labors of the lofty One,
 In wonder all his glorious works are done:
 The starry heavens, the seas, and world so great.
 He also did in six days man create;
 The seventh day he sanctify'd and blest,
 And said " henceforth this is a day of rest."

These winding scenes, transporting to the eye,
 The green-house, grotto, and the fort that's by:
 How grand the view when at the River side,
 You see the freighted trows down Severn glide.
 The fatted cattle, and the meads e'er green,
 The admiration of the world have been:
 Lord Mansfield said " Such scenes were never mine.
 I'd give Caen-wood for matchless Winterdyne."
 Th' ambrosial air, the wide unbounded scene,
 Gladdens the heart, and soothes the mind serene:
 While all at once the watchful senses join,
 To glorify the hand which is divine.
 Almighty Father let me sing thy praise,
 Surpassing my discernment are thy ways!
 'T was under thy all-forming hand I grew,
 To praise thy works in beauties ever new:
 The more I feast my ever searching eyes,
 The more thy labors strike me with surprise:
 Enrich me with the knowledge of thy plan,
 And teach me how to please both God and man.
 The scaly tribe, and flocks that yonder feed,
 Return him thanks in nature's grateful meed;
 Ev'n ev'ry gale and bird in softest lays,
 Sings—' God is merciful in all his ways,'
 While rocks and lofty woods resound his praise.
 Rich pastures fair, like some Elysian field,
 Which morn and eve the sweets of Hybla yield;

Nor is the thyme of that transporting land,
More fragrant than the shrubs that round me stand.
Now from the rural path I gently stray,
And go where friendly Moseley leads the way;
Nature we own hath beauties not a few,
And art doth e'er exhibit something new.

Reader, perhaps you 've heard of ancient Rome,
Built on seven hills—on one there stood a dome;
Where Brutus liv'd—the state then in decline,
The same was rear'd like modern Winterdyne;
A perfect palace of a smaller size,
In Roman grandeur Winterdyne doth rise.
The house is built upon a frugal plan,
The architect was Rose, a useful man;
Such order 's in the whole, such neatness seen,
More beauty ne'er was in the walls of Shene.
The rooms are lofty, of a handsome size,
The furniture must please the nicest eyes;
And all that 's there doth strike you with surprise.
The right hand-parlour-windows form a bow,
From whence you view th' elysian scenes below;
The falling ford, the rock on Blackstone side,
The copse at Ribb'sford and the landscape wide.
See the rich fields in all their charms are drest,
And man above all living creatures blest;
The sportful lamb about it's mother plays,
While innocence is shewn a thousand ways.
Here in the ewe behold the parent dear,
Who guards her offspring with a mother's care;
The lowing cow 's attentive to her young,
And calf e'er craving, to the teat is hung.
The sturdy horse here's made for labour hard,
Who answers to the beck with due regard;
The heifer gambols o'er the flow'ry mead,

But little thinks he 's for the butcher fed ;
In harmless life these pass their time away,
And, heedless of the world, are ever gay.
Reader, behold, we from the brute may learn,
That man should much from nature's walks dis-
cern ;

The swallow through the ambient air makes way,
And skims the limpid stream in search of prey ;
While every songster of the rural grove,
Here finds a home, and to the rock does move,
See farmer Hornblower's cackling geese do swim,
And Dark the fisherman glides down the stream ;
While the deep trows from Bristol's mart arrive,
And odorif'rous gales true pleasure give.
The drawing-room is elegantly neat,
Well chose the pictures, ev'ry thing complete ;
The skillful artist here has done his part,
To great perfection is arriv'd man's art.
At Kidderminster now the weaver 's such
Their carpets have indeed the master-touch ;
Just so has this, the shades not like to fade,
And colours lively as on canvas made.

My longing eyes have now another feast,
Yon Shropshire hills a perfect beauty cast ;
The sweet meand'ring stream, the well built town,
Are views which never can too oft be shewn,
Enchanting scene, the same with truth I own.
A sitting-room for common use is near,
In which you find a Piersfield prospect rare :
With what is fashionable, good and nice,
Far-fetch'd, well sorted, at a money price.
The rooms up stairs are such you must approve,
And in the library you see Spring-grove :
The upper chambers are contriv'd so well,

In each there's water, closet, and a bell,
 And other things too tedious here to tell,
 While all th' apartments for the servants are,
 Well modell'd, seprate and contriv'd with care:
 So well digested is the noble plan,
 I'm sure I wish to be a gentleman.
 Fain would I be like him* who rear'd this pile,
 The man belov'd, in whom there was no guile;
 The man of taste, whose works were all admir'd,
 Whose breast was with exalted virtue fir'd.
 To him, who well deserv'd the poets' praise,
 This lasting monument of love I raise;
 Like Foley gen'rous, and like Ingram just,
 No tool to party—faithful to his trust;
 In parliament his conduct upright ran,
 In private life the friend, the honest man;
 Ages to come shall by his prudence learn,
 And weeping FAME shall mark his hallow'd urn.

As one in search of treasures rare, I rove,
 Sustain'd by him who is Eternal love:
 The Author and the first great Cause of all,
 'T is for thy mercy, and thine aid I call.
 My muse still fans the sweet poetic flame,
 And therefore will I cross sweet Severn's stream;
 Landling as 'twere upon th' Elysian shore,
 Nature I found had new delights in store.
 I found friend Hornblower, who does here reside,
 The gen'rous man, in whom we may confide:
 Each thing about him is quite clean and plain,
 And from his house is seen a sweet domain:
 The copse at Ribb'sford and the murmur'ring stream,
 Which to th' thinking mind's a rapt'rous theme;
 The view of yonder's sweet and calm retreat.

* The first Sir Edward Winnington, Bart.

Where Prattinton's at ease and quite complete,
Brings on rich meditations heav'nly mode,
And stores the thankful soul with dainty food.

Next to the rock that's near I bent my way,
The summit gaining, there awhile I lay
Struck with surprise, I view'd th' awful scene,
My muse was kindly, and my mind serene:
Mount-pleasant's grove, Ribb'sford and Winter-
dyne,

Seem like an Homer's scenes in thought divine:
The imagination's here enrich'd indeed,
Where words are wanting, ev'ry thought must
plead;

The varied silver stream, where vessels glide,
And banks more fair than those by Tiber's side;
The rising copse, the farms, and Stagbro' hill,
Must each spectator with great transport fill.

O matchless blest exhilarating scene,
Where none should dare to have a thought profane;
Come then, my muse, improve a shepherd's lays,
Come holy seraph, sing our Maker's praise.

These are the works of our Almighty God!
Who in the heaven of heavens makes his abode,
Not there alone because he's ev'ry where,
He fills the heavens, the earth, the sea and air:
How great his works, more awful still is he,
He was before the world, and e'er will be.

He gave command and this vast frame appear'd,
The mountains were brought forth and man was
rear'd;

Confusion disappear'd, and order came,
My ravish'd thoughts approve the glorious theme;
Glory to God, the co-eternal Name!
How vast must then that holy Spirit be,

Who out of chaos form'd the world and me !
This knowledge is too high for creatures vain,
I can't expect I shall to such attain.

Teach me, great God ! thy wonders to display,
O ! teach me to be useful ev'ry way !

Father, be with me in my daily race,
Guide thou my hand, endue me with thy grace ;
Let me, thy glorious works and nature trace.

Creator, bounteous, 't is on thee I call,
The great first Author, and the Cause of all :
O ! may the labors of thy servant's pen,
E'er justify the ways of God to men.

Thy providential care doth guard this land,
And safe preserve it from the spoiler's hand ;
Our warmest thanks should e'er to thee be given,
Since all we have is from the Lord of Heaven.

From thence as near the turnpike road I stray'd
To view sweet scenes in nature's robes array'd ;
On ev'ry side great Foley's wide domains,
Of fruitful fields and richest verdant plains :

Here tufted hills in awful grandeur rise,
And each enamel'd view gives sweet surprise
Here wood and water, rock and fertile lawn,
Appear like Scipio's shades by nature drawn.

Well stor'd with flocks and herds, the pastures fair,
The fatted ox, the sweet breath'd cows are here ;
While frisking lambs beside their dams do play,
And birds of music sing on ev'ry spray.

These rural haunts must ev'ry fear destroy,
And Court here rests, therefore I give him joy :
May quiet peace, and calm content be thine !
Sweet olive branches round thy neck entwine,
And may thy better half be kind as mine.
How rich the rip'ning fields of grain appear,

The finest barley grows in Worc'stershire.
Good wheat, large pease and beans are also here.
Behold the useful hop it's head doth rear,
By Hornblower planted with his wonted care;
The spiral branch doth with the pole combine,
Bound with a rush, much like the claret vine;
When at full growth arriv'd the sprays do bow'r,
The hops then fragrant as th' vernal flow'r.
Luxuriant plant, when to perfection grown,
It gives our ale the finest flavor known;
Good ale, with which the poor man e'er is blest,
It sooths his mind and sets his cares to rest.
Here farming business is in order done,
And this delightful spot is call'd Blackstone.
The master of the farm does yonder go,
And Cincinnatus like, he holds the plough;
Prepares the earth to take the turnip seed,
Which useful root the fleecy sheep doth feed.
A barn is near the road with folding door,
And Thomas thrashes on the new-laid floor;
While Betty comes to milk the ready cow,
To call the pigs and mind the breeding sow.
The gobbling turkey, and the cack'ling goose,
Each to his craving appetite give loose;
Fast by the hen the chirping chick is hung,
A good protector of her tender young.
See all the feather'd tribe are here combin'd,
To pick the chaff that 's scatter'd by the wind;
The daring sparrow, eager for his prey,
Would fain make all to him their homage pay,
But coxcombs seldom are allow'd their way.
'T is so in human life we often find,
How few are truly gen'rous, good and kind.
My roving fancy still finds something new;

As on I stray here 's Netherton in view :
't is much improv'd, and well laid out indeed,
Prosser design'd, and Watts partakes the meed ;
The first he his the heartiest man alive,
Who does true pleasure to his neighbour give,
I wish he would once more among us thrive.
The latter is a man of prudence, such,
He does in gravity and learning touch :
Tho' airy, yet sedate, tho' pleasant, sage,
An ornament to man in hoary age.
The purling brook, where plays the finny tribe,
Runs murmur'ring o'er the daisy well-drest glebe,
The hazel brush and prim'rose borders here,
Where rustic swains their faithful loves declare,
Are sweet relief to Hobbin's daily care.
The house is modell'd like a structure new,
Where Blackstone rock appears a painted view,
The water'd valley and the country round,
By nature form'd like some enchanted ground.
These outward beauties are not all we find,
Within the walls each thing is well design'd,
Convenience great with beauty is combin'd.
The tow'ring rock, the battlement that 's near,
Like some Elysian landscape does appear ;
While nature's ornamental trees shoot forth,
And fresh enchantments ev'ry day have birth.
In parlour backwards have I pass'd some hours,
Indulging fancy with her vig'rous powers ;
At noon in drawing-room I ' ve also spent,
Those cheerful evenings which gave full content.
But all things in this world are made to change,
And therefore onward I must take my range ;
Close by the brook I rov'd and found a spring,
Of healthy water, fit for any king ;

Which leaving on the rising ground that's near,
Good Soley, mild, and well-inform'd is here,
The upright magistrate, the friend sincere.
By him conducted o'er the sloping plains,
Where lover's vows have oft been made by swains:
A feast I much enjoy'd in ev'ry scene,
The mill, the seggy pool and bath so clean,
Gave vigor to my thoughts and mind serene.
The house was rear'd by hands some ages past,
Which does display a noble sort of taste:
The dining-room in front, tho' old, looks well,
And here's display'd the ancient beau and belle.
The drawing-room is somewhat diff'rent done,
In which the modern taste does purely run.
The library is neat, the books are clean,
The family arms in stair-case window's seen,
By some ingenious artist done I ween.
I next before the hall front door did move,
To view the garden from a sweet alcove:
Delightful spot! here could I spend some hours,
Among the fragrant family of flowers.
The trees in order train'd the shrubs are fare,
And all is finish'd by the hand of care;
Ascending up the adjacent hill I found,
A rapt'rous view of this sweet country round:
Here on a seat I sat me down awhile,
Pleas'd as the Egyptian on the banks of Nile;
The sylvan scene, the craggy rock, the strain,
Infuse the mind with each delightful theme.
The vale prolific, and the shaggy mead,
With golden grain and deep hued poppies clad;
O'er which the corn-rake unmolested flies,
And timid partridge to her covey flies.
Sweet is the approach of eve, the ambrosial air,

And nature's songsters charm away dull care ;
In yonder hedge the hawthorn blossom gives,
A rich perfume, which ev'ry sense revives,
While pleasing verdure in these fields do move
The gentle soul to gratitude and love.

Yon house at Winterdyne does here appear,
Like some tall mansion in the ambient air,
And that at Netherton tho' small and low,
Is like a temple in the shades of Stowe.

Thy groves, O Sandbourn ! ne'er the eye can tire,
The glory of the land in Worcestershire.

From Sandbourn-hill descending on I came,
As from the mount where God did write his Name,
That sacred mount* where prayer was daily made,
And which old Rome at length in ashes laid.

Like the poor publican who smote his breast,
I humbly walk'd as from a holy feast ;
Charm'd with the landscape and the works of God,
Next down the avenue I made my road ;

Turning towards the right a garden fair,
I found well planted for the kitchen here ;
Here vegetables in abundance grow,
To number which 't is needless well I know ;

Suffice it then to say whate'er the ground,
Produceth for our service here is found,
The spots, not large, yet much it does contain,
I lik'd it well, and view'd it o'er again :

And while there was a sweet refreshing show'r,
I found a covert in yon yew-tree bowers.
A scene so pleasing lifts our thoughts to heav'n,
How blest the man to meditation giv'n ;

A garden planted in the distant east,
Was where our first great ancestors were plac'd ;

* Mount Moriah in Jerusalem, where Solomon's temple stood.

In perfect happiness they liv'd awhile,
Till Satan did our mother Eve beguile:
Pleas'd with the flatterer's tongue, no craft she
knew,

Honest herself she thought the tempter true.
And thus by seeking what she should not know,
Came death upon mankind and all our woe;
Of dang'rous curiosity beware,
'T has been the ruin of some thousand fair;
Happy the woman who's content to move,
Within the sphere of sweet domestic love;
Who in the robes of innocence is drest,
And strives to make her friends about her blest:
Who ne'er in search of novelties does roam,
And studies household good and peace at home.
So was the friend whom lately I have lost,
Whose death untimely, heart-felt tears hath cost;
Her gentle manners, and her gen'rous heart,
Her native goodness, so devoid of art,
Was such, she acted well the christian's part.

C herish her mem'ry, for indeed 't is just,
H er soul will live, altho' her body's dust:
I n all her ways she kept her proper place,
L asting her love, which daily did increase,
D esign'd for heav'n and everlasting peace.

I must suppose the tender husband here,
Mourn while he grieves and count out tear for tear,
The parent also must my pity share.

But why should gentlemen engross my praise,
Come hearty muse, and sing of tradesmen's ways;
Behold a snug and quiet small retreat,
Where lives the man of traffic quite complete;
I love him well because he is my friend,

And prudent men we always should commend,
 His habitation shews he has some taste,
 But no profusion, nothing he will waste ;
 An honest tradesman is a public good.
 He eats no breakfast till he earns his food.
 He labours hard with appetite doth dine,
 And ev'ry day deserves a glass of wine ;
 Industry always was an healthy thing,
 For which men sometimes stand before the King :
 The man of bus'ness finds true pleasure in it,
 And fortunes are obtain'd by labor's dint ;
 These pave the way to honor and to fame,
 Who travels much must know my friends good
 name.
 Learning by ev'ry man should be obtain'd,
 Envy is sure to torture much the mind ;
 Wisdom by application great is learn'd,
 Indulgence seldom has much good discern'd,
 Success in life is by endeavor earn'd.

As up the road I turn'd my searching eyes,
 A new-built mansion gave me some surprise ;
 By Parsons rear'd, who late from India came,
 To settle near fair Bewdley's valu'd stream,
 Where he's obtain'd an high, distinguish'd name,
 Not for his prowess in the field of war,
 Or that he mounts the grandees blazon'd car ;
 But that 'cause all his words and actions tend,
 To be the young man's guide, the poor man's friend :
 Not large his house, convenient plain and neat,
 An healthy, pleasant and a calm retreat.
 The furniture in drawing-room's well done,
 Chose a-la-mode and does in order run ;
 The sitting-room is also finish'd well,

And does contain more things than I can tell.
 A garden well laid out, is near the stream,
 Where I could meditate a pleasant theme ;
 The flowing Severn's by the terrace side,
 Here sports the salmon, and here vessels ride.
 The view's magnificent, quite new the scene,
 And unconfin'd like Parson's mind serene ;
 Reader, would you be fortunate and rise,
 Make him your model, and do thou likewise.
 Like him may Turton lead a well-spent life,
 May he, devoid of ev'ry care and strife,
 Live long and happy with his prudent wife.

Thrice happy he who with good friends is blest,
 So is the Author now in want of rest ;
 Therefore awhile I must myself regale,
 With history's hearty comrade, nut-brown ale.
 I met my old friend Child upon the road,
 And at the Black-boy Inn we took abode.
 A little snuff, and now-and-then a joke,
 How sweet are pleasant words in season spoke :
 These things enliven man, unbend his mind,
 And grave folks sometimes are to mirth inclin'd.
 My friend, tho' serious, has much sterling wit,
 And such must make a man for business fit.

I now resume my song, on village side,
 Here's friendly Crane, in whom we may confide ;
 From whose rich margin here's a view that's rare,
 The knotted oak and branchy poplar's near ;
 Thro' which are seen the anchor'd vessels ride,
 While others loaded, down the river glide.
 The pastures fair, where milking cows do feed,
 The hardy cart-horse, and the fleeting steed :
 Enliv'ning scene, there town and country meet,
 While swains their nymphs do in the Butt-town
 greet,

And Wribb'nhall lasses are like Hybla sweet,
High on a neighb'ring eminence you see,
A small neat dome, where all things do agree :
Here art and nature are together join'd,
And Piersfield like, the whole is well design'd.
As you ascend the winding path, your eyes,
And ev'ry sense is feasted with surprise ;
The trees, the plants, and flowers in order grow,
And truly picturesque's the fields below.
The distant hills, the rocks, the rib-form'd stream,
The swelling sail, the town and people seem,
Like some fair landscape in a pleasant dream.
The house, tho' small, is elegantly plain,
A proper haunt for all the muses nine ;
A snug and healthy pure retreat for those,
Who wish to taste the sweets of calm repose.
While all's convenient, and each thing well chose,
You from the upper windows have a view,
Of Shropshire hills, such beauties there's but few,
And Dowles-hill scene's a beauty ever new.
'T is the result of Harward's taste, the friend,
Improv'd by Cott'rell, whom I much commend :
See ev'ry way the roving eye doth move,
Fresh raptures rise, the back-scene is Spring Grove.
Where Skey the goodly heritage has found,
The admiration of the country round ;
The waste which lately was a barren plain,
Is now become a noble rich domain ;
Of fruitful fields and verdant sloping lawns,
Where fleecy flocks do feed with sportful fawns ;
Where woodbine groves and rocks spontaneous
rise,
And views magnificent must please the eyes.
Thanks be to him who plann'd with genius great,

Those rare improvements, that admir'd estate.
Not that old Roman elegance is found,
On yon delightful consecrated ground;
But that 't is useful to the country round.
The great design I 'd have it understood,
Was not to gratify the author's mood;
The work was done as well for public good.
For by this means a thousand poor are fed.
Who tills much land, 't is he that gives us bread:
And he that goes upon this lib'ral plan,
Deserves to be an ever honor'd man.
Now reader, if the rural scene you love,
To morrow I may all your passions move,
In yon terraqueous, consecrated grove.

END OF THE ESSAY ON BEWDLEY.

SPRING GROVE,
A PASTORAL AND DESCRIPTIVE
POEM.

INSCRIBED, WITH RESPECT, TO A FILIAL SON,
 IN WHOM THE FATHER'S VIRTUES SHINE.

ARGUMENT.

This piece made it's first appearance as a tribute due to Samuel Skey, Gent. the spirited founder of this pleasing Villa, it faintly describes where the poem is supposed to be written, while the effusions were made. We are charmed with a view of the wonderful works of creation, the beauties of nature, and the modern improvements of art: these have been eminently displayed in the neighborhood of Bewdley, and open an ample field for the contemplative mind to expatiate upon. Should these reflections afford the smallest delight to the public it will be a true gratification to the author; if he has failed, he may induce abler pens to execute better what he has attempted.

Descend Urania, heavenly muse, and bring
 The tuneful lyre, while I attempt to sing,
 Of works divine, of art and nature's page,
 Instructive book in ev'ry clime and age:
 Form'd out of chaos, at the great command,
 Of an Omnipotent unerring Hand,
 Whose ways and wond'rous works we daily find,
 Can ne'er be fathom'd by the human mind.
 Where'er I tread, where'er I turn my eyes,
 The matchless works of God in wonders rise.
 Who in six days did heaven and earth create,
 The sea, and all that's in them are complete.
 Teach me, great God, thy beauties to display,
 O teach me to be thankful ev'ry way;
 With rich imagination store my mind,

And be my doings to thy will inclin'd.
O guide me in the bus'ness of this day,
And light me with pure wisdom's heavenly ray :
Grant these, Almighty Father, with thy grace,
And let me humbly walk with thee in peace.

The morning star is clad in bright array,
And cheering light proclaims approaching day :
Peeps o'er the mountain tops, and gently draws
Yon sabled veil, which did the darkness cause ;
Aurora in the east expands her wing,
And Sol's appearance makes all nature sing :
Tremendous scene when first the light was made,
And God came down to change th' gloomy shade ;
The mighty winds expanded all their wings,
On which he came as powerful King of Kings,
The trembl'ing chaos and the earth gave away,
Be light ! he said, and forth came op'ning day !
Under his sure, and all creative Hand,
The floods were bounded, and there came dry land :
In his eternal wisdom, at his Word,
The earth and seas their treasures did afford ;
Confusion ceas'd, and all in order stood,
The Lord beheld it, and pronounc'd it good.
How fresh the pure, salubrious air, the dew,
With brilliant gems the goodly earth does strew :
Nature from rest's arose, inviting scene,
And gentle zephyrs make the mind serene ;
Can I be mute when all around's in mode,
To praise the great, the co-eternal God ?
'T is thou that giv'st mankind the pow'r and will
To do great works, and all thy mind fulfill :
Without thy aid, our Skey had nothing done,
Without thy aid, these lines I'd ne'er begun ;
The praise and glory, be it ever thine

While I am thankful for thy help divine.

Near Bewdley's favor'd consecrated lands,
Our spot, much like a Roman Villa stands.
On the right as you to Kidderminster move,
Two miles and half from thence you find Spring
Grove.

Hail heaven-taught genius, rare inventive Skey;
To thee I dedicate my rural lay;
To thee, this grateful monument I raise;
Thou hast deserv'd the Grecian poet's praise,
In characters of gold thy honor'd name,
Is 'grav'd in temple of immortal fame.
Thy hand unweary'd, and thy inmatchless skill,
Hath chang'd a desert to a fertile hill:
Such taste, such elegance is here display'd,
As tho' Hogarth had first the scene portray'd;
A choice creation's open to my view,
In these lov'd scenes there's something ever new:
Here as in Temple's paradise at Stowe,
Sweet plants and flow'rs in nice arrangement grow:
The haunt of fairies, and the muses kind,
Must mend the heart and elevate the mind.
While rarest odorif'rous shrubs from far,
The weeping willow and the well train'd fir;
The hawthorn, lilac, and the myrtle green,
Whose pleasing essence charms away the spleen.
The spicy sweet briar, and the thorny rose,
Yield purest fragrance to the grateful nose;
The laurel with the beech, and cypress shade,
For meditation, and for lovers made:
Together these upon the senses play,
Engage the eye and make us ever gay.
While thus, in sweet Elysian fields I rove,
Young Cupid steals into the vernal Grove;

The feather'd choir here charm our cares away,
Bid latent grief go with the winds astray.
The tow'ring lark, who calls dull sloth to rise,
Hails the gay morn, then mounts the azure skies;
The jocund cuckoo's song proclaims the time,
And flow'ry May creates a thought sublime:
The thrush and linnet's soft melodious throat,
Exceeds great Handel's water-piece by note:
How charming doth the merry black-bird sing,
Pure nature's concert welcomes in the spring.
The murmur'ring stock-dove, and gay Philomel,
Surpass great Mara, tho' she sings so well:
Firm constancy and nuptial love here see,
Love's softest pow'rs, and perfect harmony.
A parent's cares have touch'd the feather'd brood,
Which to their young in tenderness give food:
And shield 'em with affection's trusty wings,
From beasts of prey, and all destructive things.
Such knowledge to so small a creature given,
Displays abroad the providence of heaven:
Unfeeling man, let these thy pity move,
And blush if thou hast never learnt to love.
Go Hatchett, first-rate artist, try thy best,
Like one of these thou can'st not make a nest.
Behold that distant, limpid purling stream,
Inspiring rill, to connoisseurs a theme;
And as you gently stray, a sweet canal,
Around whose borders beauteous wood nymphs
dwell,
Who dance, and sing the cheerful roundelay,
When nature smiles; and ev'ry thing looks gay.
Yon spacious pool, with finny tribe well stor'd,
Delights the angler, and supplies the board:
Here contemplation cool must intervene,

So chang'd, so much ennobled all the scene.
Yon bold, majestic swans proceed along,
Their wat'ry course, and curl their pinions strong:
With stately ease they glide the crystal flood,
Or dart with strength when danger's in their road.
A neck so glossy, prominent and fair,
With manner quiet, so devoid of care,
Bespeaks a gentleman lives very near.

O might I with the woodland goddess live,
Within yon shade, each day fresh love contrive:
Then would to me, the varied seasons seem,
Just like a rhapsody or golden dream;
My prattling infants here in harmless play,
Would pleasure add to ev'ry fleeting day:
Sometimes my muse, sometimes historic page,
When tir'd with care, should each my thoughts engage.

That beauteous lawn in verdure rich array'd,
The dress of nature, 't is perfection's shade;
In such a colour as no art can dye,
Nor tires the curious or the lab'ring eye.
Yon neighb'rинг hills, young Lawrence hath not
known,
Or he the sweet enchanting scene had drawn:
Firm Blackstone rock, and modern Winterdyne,
The seat of neatness and the hallow'd nine:
Beneath which eminence the Severn runs,
The work of nature for industry's sons.

But do not stray my muse, yon farm-yard here,
I must survey with much attentive care:
A geno here may have an ample feast,
And see the proper use of every beast;
Of fowl, of fish, and ev'ry creeping thing,
Obedient to the peasant as their king.

Wisely the great Creator doth contrive,
That these should for our use and pleasure live ;
As man approves, they answer to his call,
Whom God ordain'd the governor of all.
A watchful mastiff guards the entrance here,
His voice like thunder makes me move with fear ;
England is noted for this sort of dog,
That rogues and such-like may remain incog.,
And as I do approach he sees a friend,
To whom in peace he does the greyhound send :
The fleeting messenger more swift than wind,
Has oft the timid hare's quietus sign'd :
In rugged life we find 't is much the same,
Some speak in friendship which is but a name. T
That fatted ox his master's crib doth know,
Unthinking that his blood for man must flow ; I
Or that his gravy-full and fat surloin,
Will smoke upon the board when some do dine.
Happy, the book of fate from all is kept, A
Who when condemn'd hath ever soundly slept ? I
Yon horse, well govern'd, at command will go, H
'T is well the creature all his strength do n't know :
Has heaven lent swiftness to his active heels, H
The more of whip and spur at times he feels ;
So man who hath long lengths in friendship run,
Is sure by some to be impos'd upon.
These hardy, steady mules for labor made,
Of greatest use in farming or in trade,
Alert their movements, and their temper such, T
They answer to the lash, with gentle touch,
Their smart appearance shews us something rare,
Selected by the hand of taste and care,
Mark how they draw the gilded carriage here.
Their nat'r al colour is much like to cream,

Perhaps together form a matchless team.
The yielding cow doth reg'lar morn and eve,
Attend the fold, and flowing udder give ;
These are the best of milkers, say from France,
Which does their use and value much enhance ;
The butter, which must ev'ry palate please,
Of greatest service is the well made cheese.
To distant climes oft sent, it's value there,
Is such, it is preserv'd with special care ;
Of all the quadrupeds the Lord hath given,
As marks of favor from indulgent heaven,
This is in use and value surely such,
Each side and part is good where'er we touch :
The horn, the hoof, the hide, the flesh and bone,
Have all their value when in order done.

Behold the land where rich abundance grows,
The land where milk and sweetest honey flows ;
The ruddy milk-maid, picture of pure health,
Appears, while Thomas wants a kiss by stealth ;
He helps to bear the pail, she fans the flame,
He ventures boldly and salutes his dame ;
So must the man who wou'd obtain the fair,
His prudent purpose push, and fortune's near,

From Wareshill copse, I hear the bugle horn,
The cock's shrill crow proclaims the rising morn ;
While reynard from his den in search of prey
Has been his round, and left a scent this way !
Some men like foxes oft we see are running,
To get their prey by nothing but low cunning ;
But he that would my lasting favor have,
Must with good sense and prudence well behave.

Behold the brooding hen sit o'er her young,
Endearing caution to her steps belong ;
Mark how attentive is her lively eye,

On constant guard against her enemy.
Oft in the plough-boy has she found a pest,
When weekly he was paid to rob her nest :
The mother's tenderness, the matron's care,
O mark it well, ye ev'ry wedded fair,
The love which nature makes is ever pure.

Those pheasants, turkeys, and galenas young,
Have nat'r al gabble ever on their tongue :
Each in it's way imbibes it's proper food,
And each in speaking would be understood.
Yon simple goose, of all the flocks most rude,
He hissing points as tho' I do intrude ;
And like a tattling oaf will something say,
Who to no purpose chats his time away :
Of all the blockheads that was ever curst,
A prating and conceited fool 's the worst.
That duck from Gaul, whose neck in colours gay,
Exceeds the beauty of an artist's ray ;
But prince of all the tribe, see yonder go,
Spreading his matchless plumes, the peacock-beau,
Such shades ne'er did the great Apelles shew.
Yon sow, so easy in her filth and mire,
Protects her young in nature's warm desire :
See ev'ry creature, simple, sage, or gay,
Form'd for attachment in it's diff'rent way.

These barns well fill'd with various sorts of grain,
For pinching winter's want great store contain ;
Here 's ev'ry proper seed to plant the ground,
And implements of husbandry are found.
The thrasher winnows on the well-laid floor,
And all the feather'd tribe draw near the door ;
The twitt'ring sparrow thinks a part his due,
To him, the boldest of the winged crew :
While the poor robin at a distance stands,

Scarce picks an husk-then's trapt by cruel hands.
So does the man of modesty and worth,
However great his talents or his birth:
Without true courage and deportment gay,
In human life ne'er make a prosp'rous way.
Behold a rustic, who attends his team,
His cattle have engross'd his whole esteem;
He looks with pleasure on their jolly sides,
Sleek as rich sattin are their polish'd hides.
Early to toil, here with light heart he goes,
Then holds the plough, and gives the winds his
woes:

He sings and whistles thro' the jocund day,
Nor does ambition e'er his mind dismay.
How hearty is the fertile, new turn'd earth,
Which whets an appetite, gives strength fresh birth:
He sits down eager for his homely meal,
A pleasure which the idle cannot feel;
His exercise the best of physic proyes,
To actions good, industry always moves.
Devoid of care, no empty pride he learns;
By useful means his honest living earns;
Because his noble principles are such,
Of doing good, he can't perform too much.
Whene'er his horses do the thing that's wrong,
Well taught they know the language of his tongue;
And if he beckons with his ruling hand,
He's blest to find they turn at his command:
And when he sows the lent or latter grain,
The Finisher of all gives timely rain.
In all concerns of life, it is maintain'd,
That man and beast in youth should well be train'd;
Let ev'ry one in due subjection learn,
That good instruction makes us right discern;

That to be govern'd well is for our good,
As much as 't is to eat our daily food : .
That Heav'n in wisdom did us men create,
And that we all should work or never eat ;
In fine, the wisest governor I say,
Is he that nobly does his passions sway ;
To him whom this philosophy is giv'n,
He is an off'ring ever fit for Heaven.

The valiant Romans hated pleasure vain,
They thought it manly when they till'd the plain :
And when they fill'd great offices of state,
Call'd agriculture's labor best of feat.
Their satisfaction was like thine, O Skey !
To do much good, and have a conscience gay ;
By their example did the world contrive,
The truly best, and useful way to live.
How have I mark'd my friend, like Solon sage,
Each day learn something in declining age :
How have I view'd thee in each good design,
And often wish'd my virtues were like thine.
O ! did Great Britain's worthies copy these,
Banish all luxury with idle ease,
And spend their time like just Aristides.
Then would they proper information gain,
The breath of life was never giv'n in vain.

See yonder daisy-hill white o'er with sheep,
Which the mild shepherd doth with vigils keep :
And while he blows the wild notes on his flute,
The gentle tribe, and ev'ry tongue is mute.
He feeds the kindly flock with heart-felt care,
And for the sheerer doth them clean prepare ;
The timid lamb in innocence will play,
About it's mother, tender ev'ry way.
The harmless young sport round their dams and
prove

That nought's more sweet than nature's laws and
love. :

Yon distant wand'rers there without a fleece,
Whose garb the stapler bought at market price ;
Tho' lost your robes, you nothing have to fear,
Your burden's light, and your protector 's near.
Of great utility, and well known worth,
Is British wool, it makes the stoutest cloth ;
See ev'ry creature at it's birth design'd,
For some good end by Him who 's ever kind.
Yon maidens came to make an holy-day,
And with their swains dance ey'ry care away :
Since now the sheep has lost his winter coat,
The damsels sing and spend the well earn'd groat.

In ancient times this was the grand concern,
When Potentates to feed their flocks did learn ;
The humble sheep-cote holy David trod,
Before preferr'd the fav'rite man of God ;
Know then, kind reader, to be great and wise,
The life that 's innocent none should despise,
Since that, and that alone can give content,
The greatest blessing Heaven to man hath sent.

That fleeting hare can seldom refuge find,
How strange no creature will to her be kind :
Restless and harrass'd, she seeks peace in fear ;
Turn where she will an enemy is near.
To the still covert at cool eve she goes,
And like an exile finds none else but foes,
The cruel sportsman's pleas'd at her alarm,
And in his death-cries, hears a secret charm :
Ev'n so defenceless woman can 't contend,
With sordid man, who rarely is her friend.
The friendless partridge too, prepares her nest,
On lowly earth, the pointer proves her pest,

Or next the wanton school-boy breaks her rest.
Behold the mottled egg, whose shell 's a shield.
For young, when first sent forth to range the field;
The unfeeling poacher oft takes old and young,
While nets are o'er the timid covey hung.

'T is thus we often see in human life,
The busy man great pleasure finds in strife:
When fain I 'd slumber in my easy chair,
Some fool will cry, my friend why sleep you there?

A joyous season next I see come on,
The mowers have their pleasant task begun:
The sharpen'd scythe before it all does take,
And like old time can no distinction make.
Yon merry lasses come to make the hay,
And nut-brown Susan as the lark is gay;
Meanwhile they turn the grass, the rural song,
Or jesting scandal flows from ev'ry tongue:
One laughs for joy because she 's got a constant
swain,

Another 's jeer'd because her tooth gives pain;
At length blithe William in the midst appears,
They squealing run with great pretended fears;
But well he knows they think it not amiss,
To have a tumble, and a decent kiss:
How clean, how neat, and trim the fresh rak'd field,
Sweet is the odor, new-made hay doth yield,
The milliner or shop of rich perfume;
Can't equal nature in her vernal bloom.

Reader, behold true picture of thyself,
Tho' high thy birth, or great thy stock of pelf;
All men are like a blade of grass full grown,
As soon thy beauty fades, as quick cut down.
This hour we 're in the prime of life and gay,
The next we 're gone, and wither'd as the hay:

Prepare, prepare, ye giddy sons of mirth,
To die, and rest within your mother earth.
Full freedom here each creature doth enjoy;
And lawful liberty can never cloy;
Each quadruped doth keep his proper bound
While selfish men in gluttony are found;
Content when had enough, no gross excess
But many glory in their drunkenness.

The greatest beasts on earth are men unlearn'd
When into such, they by misrule are turn'd.
Our human race we often see disgrac'd,
By vice deform'd all beauty is defac'd;
Nor wish these flocks and herds to farther roam,
Since nature's wants are all supplied at home.
We covet much, when little may suffice,
How few endeavor to be truly wise.

There are who health, and life, and soul will lose
To gain those trifles paltry pride doth choose.
More happy is the brute upon this plain,
Than he who makes a God of sordid gain;
Of all the things on which our minds are bent,
The happiest science is to get content:
Which from the beasts before us we may learn,
And ways of innocence with ease discern.

In artless gambols see the heifer stray,
With light fantastic toe the fawn doth play;
The crabbed bull 's become completely tame,
Tho' fierce the boar, he 'll have the friendly game.
The bullock to the stream is easy led,
Nor thinks he is but for the slaughter fed;
The fatted calf, to whom no fears belong,
Doth lick the slayer's hand with guiltless tongue:
Nor can that feeding hog who bores his way,
Suspect he 's but another mouth to play.

E'en so the heart to whom no cunning's known,
Thinks ev'ry one's is harmless as his own :
Let none then judge of others by themselves,
Some look like sheep, yet they are very wolves.
See liberty and peace together thrive,
No selfish schemes nor hatred they contrive ;
While some in mischief form their holy day,
And man of man makes nothing but a prey.
Thus neighb'ring nations hostile words declare,
Their armies rally in the din of war,
Where ev'ry comfort in domestic life,
By Buonaparte is exchang'd for strife :
Where pride, and curs'd ambition havoc makes,
And all before him as a robber takes.
Let us be thankful peace resideth here.
Hail sacred peace, thou name for ever dear !
May heaven long fix thee in this favour'd land,
Let Justice only take the sword in hand,
And George in Britain have the first command.
Now shifts the gentle breeze from west doth blow,
And clouds surcharg'd, their wonted gifts bestow ;
The soft, the pure refreshing show'r comes on,
Which into pores of grateful earth doth run :
Ambrosial sweets pervade the Elysian scene,
Each chirping bird, and all 's in rapture seen.
Nature afresh revives, in beauty new,
Surpassing far, all we attempt to do !
Those vehicles which do so much contain,
To every country give the valu'd rain ;
How wond'rously the water is convey'd.
To yonder clouds through tubes by nature made :
And still surprising is the reg'lar fall,
By which the gracious drops do nourish all.
What striking beauty in the air is there ?

The rain-bow in full grandeur doth appear,
A voucher from the mighty God above,
And token of his everlasting love :
That he no more will man and beast annoy
Nor 'gain by deluge all our works destroy.
Go artist make such work, and, if you can,
Perform the like, you 're somewhat more than man.

Thy works are great and excellent, O God !
In glory finish'd at thy gracious nod ;
When on thy mercies I descant, O Lord !
My tongue can't speak the sum, nor pen record.

Magnificent the scenes of nature shewn,
Next art appears, to great perfection grown :
The gard'ner op'd a door to feast my eyes,
I stood as did the statue of surprise.
Abundant scene for meditation room,
And for the botanist a choice perfume ;
A spacious piece of ground that 's near a square
In which the produce of four seasons are :
Nature and art do here appear as one,
Yet vie, which shall in truest order run.
Ingenious pains here 's taken and much cost,
I know not which thing to admire the most ;
Here 's well selected trees with judgment train'd,
On which the nicest fruit each year 's obtain'd.
The nectarine, the peach, and apricot,
On which the fair in certain cases dote :
The fig; the Orlean's plumb, and grape from Gaul,
The pear for keeping, which much likes the wall.
The damson from Damascus to preserve,
Which will good housewives' care and pains deserve;
The spicy apple which doth grace the board,
A pleasing flavor must to all afford.
Here 's pleasing plants in number never told,

Which do the fancy please of young and old ;
From India, France, and other places some,
Here are from Spain, and more from modern
Rome.

Behold yon famous locust-tree doth bear,
A kind of fruit which in this Country's rare ;
The same contains a pulp or honey sweet,
Which sort, St. John in Wilderness did eat.
An elegant and little plant 's hard by,
Marone it's colour, of a matchless dye :
Like velvet rich I 'm sure you 'd think it boón,
And fit for Grandees wear on fourth of June :
Another of a pink, such few have seen,
Except at court, worn by our gracious queen.
That myrtle, 't is a lively green indeed,
Which does great Thornhill's painting far exceed ;
Geranums rich, of vari'gated sort,
And Gilead's balm, which makes the sense alert ;
A choice collection of sweet balsam 's here,
Oft nourish'd by the tender hand of care.

O ! was great Linnaeus in this garden plac'd,
His senses charm'd, would much enjoy the feast ;
The polyanthus, and Sweet-William clear,
Bedeck the bosom of the winning fair.
The sweet carnation, and the tulip gay,
Adorn the drawing-room in summer's day ;
The lively pink, the July-flow'r, old man,
And rich moss-rose, are in the motley clan.

Yon honey-suckle, and sweet jessamin,
Like ardent love do round each other twine ;
More sweet than these is love, when 't is sincere,
That love was felt in Eden's garden fair,
By our first parents while in innocence,
Till shame succeeded by the great offence.

Attend to this my gentle reader here,
Of knowledge that's improper e'er beware,
Satan in diff'rent shapes awaits the fair.
We were not made to ask our Maker why,
The fruit was set before our mother's eye :
But rather that we should observe and know,
That sin caus'd death and everlasting woe.

Yon bee attendant on the flow'ry spray,
With care provides against a winter's day :
Mark his attention to each blossom sweet,
How soon he finds out what is fit and meet.
He quickly sips the rich luxuriant mine,
To fill the honey-bag his grand design :
In nature's simple walks we easy learn,
That men should bread by their industry earn ;
And tho' our prospect may in life be fair,
The gifts of heaven should all be used with care.
To wealth and great parade some men are born,
And much is done th' external to adorn ;
Riches come with 'em, and the object 's good,
The boy 's indulg'd, and pamper'd with rich food :
Grown up a man, and us'd to no control,
He 's sway'd by ev'ry passion of his soul.
Instead of these to stand upright we find,
That youth should have the cultivated mind ;
And if our passions are not well subdu'd
The man with grace can never be endu'd.
Industry should employ our fleeting hours,
Whate'er we do, we should exert our pow'r's ;
Or we shall come to nothing in old age,
Who does his duty will my heart engage.
Be sober, youth, attend my friendly call,
The want of prudence 't is, that ruins all :
Riches deceive us, and will flee away,

But virtue and industry ne'er decay,
Copy the bee, and then you'll be like Skey.

But what attracts the raptur'd eye the most,
Is that prolific hot-house, with much cost :
'T is form'd just like a lady's open fan,
Few are so large, or built on such a plan,
To great perfection art's arriv'd in man.

Such order thro' this pleasing piece doth run,
Th' ingenious workman has left nought undone ;
Here pines to such maturity are brought,
As tho' 't were only nature's self that wrought :
'T is true in India-West, this sort of fruit
Upon the rocks spontaneously takes root ;
It's quality so rich doth soon consume,
And when full ripe, it yields a rare perfume ;
Little inferior these that do grow here,
The operator's judgment is so clear,
These lemons and sweet oranges I trow,
Are not much short of those that Spain does gro'w
Nor can old Normandy a grape produce
Of larger size, or more delicious juice.
The melon, cherry, and the strawberry too,
Appear full grown, exact in nature's hue ;
The cucumber, french bean, and sweet green pease,
In early season's here produc'd with ease,
And such variety must surely please.

But why should rarities have all my praise,
When useful things as much deserve my lays ;
A good plantation for the kitchen's here,
Of vegetables, and such valu'd fare.
Potatoe-root America first gave,
Hibernia planted, in perfection have ;
In north of England num'rous hardy poor,
Feed on this root, and sharpest hunger cure,

And oft is sent to Isles in India-West,
Where 't is esteemed a dish the very best.
The raddish, so acceptable in Spring,
Doth please the palate of our noble King ;
Asparagus which will the bladder scour,
And salad pleasant, with a liquid sour.
The hearty cabbage, with the Windsor bean,
In piles, upon the carter's plate are seen ;
The balm and mint, the marjoram and sage,
With thyme and parsley, do the cook engage ;
The turnip, carrot, and the onion too,
With other roots indeed here's not a few.

See by yon fields, the harvest's drawing near,
Ting'd o'er with gold, the corn's in loaded ear :
How rich, how weighty is th' abundant scene,
To each poor cottager, who longs to glean :
The grateful peasant with light heart doth run,
In joyful hope, would lazy time spur on :
Because his children soon will have employ,
And all their fears of winter's want destroy.
The reaper by the piece his work has ta'en,
Prepares the sickle and the bottle clean,
While honest Mary promises to come,
And help to celebrate the harvest-home.
They hear from neighbours, that 'tis Monday's fair,
Saint Ann's reviv'd, to Bewdley they repair ;
Since she of linen has a scanty stock,
Then off they go, to buy the hempen smock.

Luxuriant garden, can I wish to change
A scene so elegant, and farther range :
And would my rambling fancy lead me on,
To see what more by art and nature's done ?
Pomona, goddess of the vernal grove,
Enchants me with fresh scenes of peace and love ;

While gently from the garden on I move,
To happy haunts behind the splendid hall,
Where cheerful wood-nymphs on their sisters call;
Pleas'd by an avenue of myrtle shades,
Ambrosial odors which each sense pervades,
And all that can exhilarate the mind,
In these delightful pleasure-grounds you find;
Nor could the winding walks of ancient Troy,
So well the spleen or gloomy thoughts destroy,
As these entrancing paths of peace and joy.
If to the right, or to the left you stray,
You're equally transported ev'ry way;
The lofty fir rears it's majestic head,
So well arrang'd, it yields a lovely shade.
On yonder side, a mount of roses grow,
From which quintessence of perfume doth flow;
The gilead leaf, the laurel, box, and pine,
In order rise, and ev'ry thought refine,
The bright archangel plant, the citron tree,
Must ease the mind, and give the heart full glee;
While flowers of amaranth themselves display,
And birds melodious sing on ev'ry spray;
Nor can the thyme of Hybla be more sweet,
Than these choice shrubs, so excellent and mete.
So curiously the varied paths do run,
Where'er you turn, fresh pleasure is begun;
Where'er you fix your ever longing eyes,
New beauties constantly before you rise,
Thou sweet, thou dear terrestrial paradise.
Here the lov'd partner of my late friend Skey,
Retreats to soothe and chase her cares away;
Here oft she cultivates her mind serene,
Here oft she thinks on him who form'd the scene.
The tender husband and the father lost,

Cut off untimely, by a nipping frost ;
 Soon as made happy with a faithful wife,
 Cold death depriv'd her of his valu'd life.
 I with her weep, that in the dust he's laid,
 Yet 't was God's will, and be that will obey'd ;
 And here his daughters too, unbend the mind,
 A lovely leash, and of the lovely, kind :
 While on this ground the throbbing heart must
 mourn, The loss of him, who never can return ;
 Let none distrust the gracious ways of heaven,
 But be content with what the Lord hath given.

Behold that well form'd noble mansion here,
 Built a-la-mode, with stone from Bath or near :
 Completed by the touch of taste refin'd,
 As tho' a Wren had every part design'd.
 Not rear'd in slightness by a scanty hand,
 But firm enough for centuries to stand :
 It's outward form is pretty near a square,
 With six good spacious rooms upon each floor ;
 Besides the offices you sep'rate see,
 Closets and such conveniences there be.

But yonder comes the friendly Skey in view,
 He'll entertain, and shew me something new ;
 Perhaps he'll think his visiter is rude,
 It is not so, he saith, " you do n't intrude,
 But come, and in my house awhile reside,
 I am your friend, your patron, and your guide,"
 Thus honour'd in his friendship, opes the door,
 A scene unfolds, unknown to me before ;
 A lofty hall I view'd with some surprise,
 A banquet 't is indeed for nicest eyes.
 Italian marble in two pillars shine,
 High polish'd as a Roman Consul's shrine ;

A finish'd stair-case in such beauty done,
The artist's skill in every step doth run:
Extended truly geometrical,
And nicely hung; as tho' on nought at all:
The floor and ceiling both high finish'd are,
A beam most exquisitely wrought is here;
The painted cloth on which you move your feet,
Must also much your approbation meet.
The hall door left on purpose open wide,
I in back parlour did some time reside:
From whence towards the front I turn'd my eyes,
With wonder struck, I own the great surprise;
The pool before the lawn appears a sea
of limpid water in the calmest day.
In summer months when Sol too warm has made
The front, this room affords a pleasant shade;
It's furniture is well chose, good and new,
Of India's wood, in nature's purest hue.
The eye ne'er satisfy'd must each thing trace;
Now turn'd towards an elegant fire place;
of chequer'd marble, in nice sculpture done,
Such as was wrought in time of Solomon:
Near which, my hospitable friend in glee,
Sat long to drink an ev'ning cup of tea:
To make time light, and tell a cheerful tale,
Like Johnson he, and I, like Madam Thrale.
Th' adjoining dining-room's the next thing seen,
Which walls are painted with a well-made green;
Of pure mahogany the furniture,
No tawdry thing the master can endure.
A side-board cover'd with rich new-made plate,
A handsome chimney piece, and modern grate;
Some curious pictures caught my wand'ring eye,
Tho' short my sight, yet much I here descry.

But what most pleas'd me was the well-laid board,
With ev'ry sumptuous dish the season could afford;
In order set, each thing so well was drest,
That Darteneuf would much have liked the feast.
The wines were such as must each palate suit,
Our food digested with delicious fruit;
Which made us think old time in too much haste,
The hour was late, we gan to want some rest:
Like friends we parted, sober, pleas'd, and gay,
And left our work unfinish'd till next day.

Refresh'd with goodly wine and sweet repose,
Such as hard labour brings,—I early rose,
To thank my God, who does my life preserve,
And give me things much more than I deserve.
Almighty Father, hear a sinner's pray'r,
And still watch o'er me with a parent's care!
Inspire me so, that I thy ways may know,
And let my heart with gratitude e'er glow.
The pure, the bracing air I breath'd once more,
And anchor'd safely on the friendly shore,
Where Skey receiv'd me with an open door.
Now in his library I take a seat,
Where every thing's intelligent and neat:
Each book resembles much a dish ragou'd,
Which for the mind is most delicious food,
A feast of turtle's not so good I trow,
And he who reads, should learn himself to know;
The earl of Chesterfield, who was polite,
And knew so well how letters to indite;
Did knowledge and good books much recommend,
Not outside fine, but inside to attend;
Here's Livy, Plutarch, and renown'd Voltaire,
Whose works in best superb editions are.
Great Britain's glorious list of worthies too,

Of which we all must own there's not a few ;
Also the Essays of harmonious Pope,
For sweeter numbers we can never hope.
Shakespeare and Fielding, whose bright fancies run
On ev'ry pleasing subject under sun :
The midnight thoughts of heavenly Doctor Young,
And Watts's works are in th' instructive throng.
Grave Milton too, whose style sublime and name
Will e'er conspicuous stand on list of fame ;
But none in learning ever soar'd so high,
As Newton, whose great name will never die.
These authors from experience great could tell,
By what means mighty nations rose and fell :
They shew'd the springs by which all hearts do
move,
And prov'd that life is sweeten'd much by love.
O ! with what pleasure do we read the man,
Whose conduct in the paths of wisdom ran,
Whose life to copy we with pleasure strive,
By good example all should learn to live.
Turn o'er the sacred page of Lyttelton,
Whose writings pure, so many hearts have won ;
What emulation in the mind doth rise,
While he depicts Plantagenet the wise ;
In death's dark valley we appear to tread,
When we peruse his dialogues o' th' dead,
To sigh like him, each reader sure must learn,
Who tells the matchless lines on Lucy's urn.
How sweetly does he mourn, how lofty sing,
The groves of Hagley with his sorrows ring :
While conjugal affection lives,—his name
Shall stand rever'd upon the list of fame.
Happy the man to meditation giv'n,
Whose heart is grateful to indulgent heav'n :

Whose passions in his closet find repose,
And there himself in true devotion knows.
What notable discoveries have been made,
By those who in retirement's happy shade :
Have studied navigation to improve,
Abroad, at home, by those who muses love.
The great mechanics who are wealthy grown,
Can witness what the world from them has known :
Supremely by inventive thought inspir'd,
Completely blest when from gay life retir'd.
The happy founder of this envy'd place,
Here from the noisy world retires in peace,
To read with calmness nature's sacred page,
And shun the vices of a wicked age :
By exercise, and purest ambient air,
His health 's preserv'd, and light is made his care,
By rule he lives, goes sober to repose,
The senseless joys of wine he never chose ;
And those who would like him their lives prolong,
Must ne'er debauch, or sing the midnight song.

But hark ! there does a solemn sound go one,
Yon clock reminds me of the things I 've done :
Methinks I hear it say, prepare and know,
That time will shortly strike the fatal blow,
When thou shalt fall, and can't no more return ;
O ! may I well th' important lesson learn.
How few do time's great value count at all,
Yet know that none a moment can recall :
The wise and great philosophers of old,
Esteem'd their time much more than purest gold ;
Then think ye young, ye heedless, and ye fair,
How much eternity should be your care.
A handsome closet is the next thing seen,
Of modern porcelain from rich Pekin ;

This pleasing ware is us'd four times a day,
And sets the dining-table off, or tray.
The gilded clay is turn'd a thousand ways,
For which the moulder hath deserv'd much praise:
But ah! 't is brittle like th' human frame,
Lost in one fall, no more can have a name.
Those pretty glasses like th' tender fair,
Must all be handled with the nicest care,
Since one small slip may make a lasting stain,
And reputation gone's ne'er caught again:
E'en so Eve's daughters find it to their cost,
That ruin follows when their virtue's lost;
One vice familiar made—another's near,
And both in sweet bewitching shapes appear.
Whoe'er thou art, deluded damsel know,
Oft from credulity your sorrows flow;
If once the path of rectitude you shun,
Be doubly cautious, or you are undone.
Resolve to keep pure innocence in sight,
Be firm as Teneriff and you are right;
But if you once like glass should slip, indeed,
You're cast aside, much like a loathsome weed.

Now thro' the hall, to drawing-room away!
And here you see the perfect taste of Skey;
The family by master pencil drawn,
In likeness great, as if by Kneller done;
Gay colours, truly rich, and strong the shades,
The heaven-taught artist's essay seldom fades.
The furniture is elegant and plain,
And ev'ry thing as in a palace clean.
Here curious diff'rent sorts of wood is wrought,
Across the seas from distant countries brought;
The weaver hath in chequer'd figures drawn,
A well dy'd carpet, beauteous as the lawn.

In clearest mirror here I see my face,
O ! could I but my faults as plainly trace :
Our face we oft find admiration craves,
But all our faults we 'd have laid in our graves :
To see our neighbour's errors we are prone,
Where is the man who would correct his own.
That nice design'd and well wrought chimney-
piece, 10
Appears much like the sculpture of old Greece ;
The ornaments so rare around the same,
Were work'd by men of great Italian name :
Mahogany well polish'd are the doors,
of English oak the bright and true laid floors.

I 'll breakfast parlour next in front inspect,
Which is with divers modern things bedeck'd ;
It's wall is colour'd with a beauteous blue,
Resembling ev'ning sky, or nature true :
Whereon is hung the drawer's grand design,
Of Grignion's labour, in engravings fine ;
This pleasing art to great perfection's brought,
In which the Gaul's excel, by Rome first taught.
Some small devices here 's in order plac'd,
As tho' selected by a Cibber's taste ;
The table 's made of pure Jamaica wood,
And side-board 's carv'd by operator good.
Each chair is made of box, or such like hue,
With easy cushions, colour'd with deep blue :
A nice repeating piece here tells the hour,
And that we should much do while in our pow'r ;
The plaist'rer hath with judgment done his part,
With master touch the builder us'd his art.
How perfectly transparent doth appear,
The glass in windows, like a fountain clear ;
Experienc'd hand this well wrought metal run,

Ingenious artists all these things have done.

If you in servants offices would be,
Here great convenience in the whole you see,
And all is order, form'd but to agree.

A good supply of water's from a spring,

Which in domestic bus'ness is a thing,

Of value great from peasant to the king.

Here's useful grate with irons all in style,

Will serve three spits at once, and pots to boil:

The stoves are always ready here, for you,

To well cabob a joint, or make a stew;

The cook can please each palate, her art such,

Not one thing's done too little or too much.

Whate'er you want, in readiness is here,

And all that reason wishes soon is near:

Utensils necessary, plenty, clean,

And ev'ry servant in his place is seen.

A dairy sweet as May I next come near,
Where all is neat, and doth in form appear;
The dresser, pan, the sieve, the pail and gawn,
Thro' pure warm water ev'ry day are drawn.

Here marble basons keep the milk quite cool,

And ev'ry morn doth bring it's work by rule;

Industrious Dolly's task, and great concern,

Is oft to mind to clean the press and churn;

Since she's determin'd none shall e'er excel,

Her hand in making cheese and butter well.

Now, reader fair, are you the good housewife,

And wish to shine in plain domestic life?

Behold the mistress of this healthy seat,

She studies household good, not idle prate.

Her rules are carefulness, her maxims good,

And not a crumb is lost of wholesome food;

Her house is neatness, reg'lar as the sun,

And all that's wanting in due time is done.
Her part she acts with judgment and well knows,
That sweet domestic bliss from order flows:
Thus woman always lovely will appear,
Who prudently doth keep her proper sphere.
Economy was never found disgrace
To titles high, or to the fairest face;
And she who in her fam'ly governs well,
Deserves more honour than the toasted belle.

Now reader, would you farther with me stray,
Then we'll up stairs together bend our way;
Where the lov'd spot describ'd again's in view,
More full, the varied scene is beauty new.
Oxford, thy genius here has done her part,
In age like this we rise in ev'ry art;
Here pure simplicity we see display'd,
Yet ev'ry thing's in elegance array'd.
The welcome friend here rests on bed of down,
Sweet sleep oft lost by those who wear a crown;
Here blessed peace resides, no plundering foes,
Disturb the mind, all's quiet soft repose.
How great a luxury's a well made bed,
To ease the weary bones, the aching head;
To him who labours hard, or much does think,
His bed's refreshing as good meat and drink.
Here's useful things, and ornamental too,
I would describe, 't would tedious be to do;
Whate'er the dormitory should contain,
To give you rest, or ease the midnight pain,
At once you find is readily at hand,
With night-cap, comb, the brush, and water-stand,
The glass which oft's consulted by the fair,
Also perfume, and powder for the hair,
In pleasant dreams my mind on these things ran,

They make me wish to be a gentleman.

When first the heavens, and all their hosts, so great,
And paradise was form'd, that happy seat :
The Lord that made the earth, did man ordain,
To be the ruler of this vast domain :
Endow'd him with pure reason's heavenly aid,
Thus Adam greater than the beast was made.
Tho' all the works of the Creator great,
In his eternal wisdom form'd complete,
Were in the mould of perfect knowledge cast,
Yet fairest of the fair, was made the last,
To please the most of all, we easy trace,
The greatest beauty in the female race.

So now a goodly piece untold remains,
In forming which pure nature took much pains ;
Not in her form alone, but in her mind,
Which is to ev'ry gen'rous act inclin'd,
This virtue where it meets the heart sincere,
To all must render it's possessor dear.
She studies what a woman ought to know,
And with benevolence her words do flow ;
Slander and malice with disgustful pride,
And all deception she did e'er deride ;
The graces three do on her steps attend,
Such is the daughter of my honour'd friend.
How great the beauties of the mental powers,
They charm each sense, and clear our heavy hours :
In time of sickness, care, old age, and pain,
The mind improv'd resumes sweet youth again.

Ye fair, these are the gems, and these alone,
By which the man of worth can e'er be won ;
They like the limpid fount which yonder flows,
Add fragrance to each flow'r that near 'em grows.

Behold the avenue which yonder leads,
To these admired and consecrated shades;
The foliage beautiful and near full grown,
Has often pleas'd the connoisseurs in town.
The spiral shrub the tufted margin fair,
Must tell us that a genio great lives here:
And as along the spacious walk you move,
The opening scenes invite to peace and love;
While ev'ry thought alert that charms the soul,
Steals on the mind, and ornaments the whole.
Who do I see approach, and gravely roam,
It is my friend Lucilius that doth come:
To see these beauties and to guard me home.
" I thought Lucilius you 'd have lost the feast,
A banquet 's here indeed for man and beast:
The gen'rous master of this lovely scene,
Whose mind is as the present eve serene;
Who has mankind and diff'rent authors read,
Will suffer none irreverently to tread,
This new devoted spot, this hallow'd grove,
He made for meditation pure, and love:
Unless you own like him, that all we know,
And have, does from th' Almighty Father flow:
Then use my friend, your microscopic eye,
Learn how to live in peace, in hope to die."

Lucilius.

I think you told me that when here I came,
You'd shew me 'lysian fields and pleasant stream;
And other things which would me entertain,
Would you inform me, then do n't give me pain.

Author.

It was to make you think, I call'd you here,
And that aright since you have judgment clear;
For once then open to conviction be,

Why have you long been as a thinker free?
Come do not frown, but patiently advance,
Look round ! do these things seem like works of
chance ?

Who made the heavens above, the earth below ?
Whence all things here, which in such order grow ?

Lu. This world at first just like a bubble came,
And rose much like the fabric of a dream ;
The gen'ral fount from whence all matter flows,
Is like the hill on which yon daisy grows.

Au. Vain man ! who rear'd the edifice that 's here,
But indefatigable man with care :
These gardens and these fields, a desert once,
and stately buildings, came they all by chance ?
This sweet variety which charms each eye,
Came they by fate, or were they form'd by Skey ?
Who made these herbs, these flowers, this grain to
spring,
And bade the reg'lar seasons treasure bring ;
Who said "summer and winter come in place,
Seed-time and harvest ye shall never cease :"
Who spake the word, this world in form appear'd,
But God ! who ever will be lov'd and fear'd.
Now think you all things come much like a dream ?
Than dreams more empty is thy foolish theme.

Lu. So you might ask me why the wind doth
blow,
You know it is because it happens so :
What is the cause, or what th' event of things,
But chance, from whence all ceaseless nature springs.
Why are some made much more than others wise ?
Or why do some both heaven and earth despise ?
It is because we cannot help it then,
The world from chaos came, and so rise men.

Au. Nature could ne'er be bountiful to all,
 Else why are some too short, and some too tall,
 Others are injur'd 'cause their wisdom's such,
 For humble state in life they know too much.
 Look down upon the earth from whence you came,
 Examine next how wonderful your frame;
 No other creature has like man a soul,
 As God thought fit, adjusted was the whole.
 Man, lord of the creation was ordain'd,
 By him who should be serv'd in love unfeign'd :
 And furthermore, he gave us power o'er all,
 To make each beast to labour at our call.
 Why have you doubts from whence all things
 proceed?

No farther proof you cannot surely need.

Lu. Much learning only serves to drive us mad,
 And studious thoughts but tend to make us sad,
 Your philosophic rules e'er cause constraint,
 Let but the will be free, there's no complaint :
 The origin of all can ne'er be known,
 Like air and chance aside that tree has blown.

Au. Then much intelligence by chance we gain,
 By chance we pleasure have, or racking pain,
 And by your 'count all labour's then in vain.
 Weak man, to thy confusion be it known,
 The great first cause of all was God alone :
 A holy spirit, omnipresent 's He,
 'Fore birth of time He was, and e'er will be ;
 The heaven of heavens can't all his frame contain,
 Much less this world, and that which is therein.
 Behold the sun in firmament of heav'n,
 How great th' pow'rs which to his beams are giv'n :
 Then use your eyes, be not so much deceiv'd,
 Right information you have ne'er receiv'd.

A little knowledge but the man beguiles,
Know thou I've measur'd earth, and told it's miles;
It's just diameter 's nine thousand then,
A demonstration clear to many men :
A million times as large the glorious sun,
Round which this sphere his rapid course doth run.
This globe is as a little spot of land,
Compar'd to Sol,—great work of God's own hand,
Which the whole world enlivens with his ray,
Dispels the darkness, and makes nature gay,
Behold his cheering beams, whose genial power,
Warms in the earth each useful plant and flower:
Ten thousand beings by his influence move,
And melt in softest tenderness and love.
Observe the awful change from day to night,
You find each season to a minute right :
Exact their revolutions ev'ry year,
And in all lands they regular appear.
What then Sol's substance, what his magnitude,
A planet fix'd, where 's no vicissitude,
A fire of such incomparable heat,
As none but God, all powerful could complete.

Lu. How that illumination first took place,
Or whence it 'gan to run it's daily race :
The enquiry does perplexity create,
In all there seems an unaccounted fate.

Au. Had'st thou the Holy Bible ever read,
Thou would'st not in such paths of ign'rance tread
Turn to the heavens again, behold a star,
This light deceives, go view it when more clear.
What think you, is the circle saturn draws,
Or who but God did all such wonders cause :
Her line across, nine hundred millions are,
Of English miles, by computation clear.

Her great circumf'rence then is fifty four,
 Of hundred millions, measured miles or more.
 Your great astonishment may yet enhance,
 Suppose you view a certain star in France ;
 My swifter course is bended to Japan,
 The lines which from our eyes to this star can
 By no means e'er a perfect angle make,
 So small the spot where our abode we take.

Lu. The star you speak of's but a little ball,
 We are not sure if there 's a God at all :
 Just like yon heavy cloud, which cann't refrain,
 From losing water, so you call it rain.

Au. Thou shameless wretch, thou infidel, begone!
 Disown thy God ! look on him in yon moon :
 Behold the hemisphere appears o'erlaid,
 With purest gold, by Luna's heavenly shade.
 That glorious lamp, the least th' heavens contain,
 Rules the great seas, and makes us treasure gain ;
 By her attraction is brought up the tide,
 And thus our commerce is extended wide.
 Her size from it's vicinity appears,
 More large than Sol, or di'mond sparkling stars ;
 One hundred thousand leagues her distance then,
 Is measured by our great Newtonian men :
 But Sol's immensity man cann't obtain,
 Such wondrous knowledge none did e'er attain.

Lu. My doubts begin to rise, perhaps I'm wrong,
 O ! teach me with the precepts on thy tongue :
 Methinks I feel my blood run slow and chill,
 If I 'm not right, then speak thy better will.

Au. How wonderful is made the human frame,
 Which pure as snow from it's great author came :
 A fearful, well constructed nice machine,
 For want of care, oft out of order seen.

Our base desires should always be restrain'd,
 A heart corrupt must of it's vice be drain'd;
 Unruly passions should ne'er have the sway,
 They much debase, and soon our form decay.
 Of all the poor unhappy wretches made,
 The worst is he who's by his vices led;
 There's none but fools who wou'd not live to learn,
 Against intemp'rance let me thus you warn.
 Debauchery oft makes a wound that's sore,
 If much you taste, you're still in want of more:
 Whene'er a fav'rite passion doth intrude,
 At once then sum up all your fortitude,
 Resolve to conquer what you ought to hate,
 Since virtue only makes us truly great.

See Skey untitled move in happy sphere,
 And more exalted than the graceless peer:
 Because he always kept his passions cool,
 And form'd his conduct by the golden rule:
 He lasting comfort finds within himself,
 Strives to do good, and makes no god of self;
 Would you be happy, to salvation wise,
 Then be no bigot, your own heart despise.

Lu. How shall I act, or whither shall I go,
 O! that I did myself but better know.

Au. Degenerate wretch, go thou do penance true,
 And feel the stripes that to thy crimes are due,
 Go, and if possible thy life renew.
 Why is your will by useful limbs obey'd,
 And why at earthquakes are you sore afraid?
 Whene'er a wicked act you do perform,
 Why in your breast doth rise a raging storm?
 Why doth sad fear oft vibrate in each vein,
 When on a bed of sickness you complain?

Why do you tremble at the thoughts of death,
And shudder at the gulph when losing breath?
Whene'er you leave your dear departing friend,
Why do you mercy crave, and dread your end?
Now tell me, is this chance—that melting tear,
Must make me think you own your God is near?

Lu. 'T is done, 't is done! the happy work is
done,
Thy words like daggers thro' my veins do run;
Convinc'd by thee, thy reason's purer ray,
Will change my darkness to a glorious day.
I feel a monitor within my breast,
Which plainly tells me where to put my trust;
That conscience has in purest dictates run,
But oft mine heart corrupt has all undone;
There's something guides my ev'ry deed and word,
What can it be, but the Almighty Lord,

Au. These happy plains without his friendly aid,
Had ne'er been like the seat of Horace made;
Do we this form, or do we that design,
'Tis by permission of the will divine.
Man has no genius but what's from above,
Great parts are giv'n as marks of heavenly love:
Which wicked men like thee will rarely own,
Our blessings all proceed from God alone.
There surely is a matchless heaven above,
Where all is sweet perfection, joy and love:
Where just men's spirits do with God reside,
None can rest there who do n't in him confide;
Whose dwelling place no bounds did ever know,
All tears there cease from ev'ry eye to flow:
Where music's charms e'er fill the ravish'd ear,
Consummate bliss renew'd each day is there;
And all the Holy Pow'rs in songs proclaim,

Our Great Creator, glorious is thy Name.

Lu. But should my offended God not deign to hear,

Then how shall I before his throne appear,
With all my sins in deepest dye o'ercast,
Pour'd on my head, and in true order plac'd?
Strike me with awe, great God, and let me bend
My trembling knees to thee my constant friend!
Forsake me not, O Lord my God! but hear,
And grant me pardon while I make my prayer.
How poor my works, my very thoughts are vain,
Yet thou dost still this wretched frame sustain;
O! change my wicked heart, and make it true,
Have mercy Lord, thou canst my life renew.
Teach me thy way, and keep me ever there,
And let salvation be my greatest care.

Au. Where'er you go, where'er you turn your eyes,

'T is God you see, all wond'rous nature cries!
Th' Omnipotent doth ev'ry place pervade,
The earth, the air, the sea and desert shade:
See nature's beauties form'd a thousand ways,
While we forget to whom is due the praise:
The gracious Lord to every man is kind,
In all his works we tender mercy find.
Awake, awake, ungrateful man, and know
That all thou hast from God is good, think so:
be satisfied, and thankfully take rest,
Above all creatures thou art surely blest.
Reader, you nearly have gone through my tale,
A good example will I hope prevail:
Would you like Skey in life to honour rise,
Be diligent in bus'ness, and be wise.
Walk in the path that's right, and persevere,

And soon like him you'll find reward is near ;
The upright man with pleasure all must view,
And virtue gives to age a beauty new.
In him behold the vices all subdued,
Th' industrious man is e'er a public good ;
Yet know, my friend, where'er thy lot is cast,
A conscience pure's a fine estate at last.
The great Almighty hath things so ordain'd,
That wordly riches can't by all be gain'd ;
Since man was made his Maker's laws to observe,
Be grateful, and his fellow creatures serve.
Let those who would be great, be truly kind,
And each his duty in his station mind :
With caution let our sliding hours be spent,
There's none are happy but the innocent ;
Whate'er we'd have all men by us to do,
The like may we perform with pleasure true :
Since this to honour paves our rugged way,
We must have storms before a brighter day.

Farewell, ye peaceful shades, and soft retreat,
What must I leave—the porter opes the gate :
Yet stay good friend, a little longer stay,
My muse recedes, and nearly's done my lay.

Ye feather'd choir, who chaunt pure nature's song,
In praise to God with music on your tongue ;
Ye crystal founts, ye limpid purling rills,
Ye flocks and herds that feed upon yon hills :
Ye breezes which from every quarter blow,
Set forth his praise, from whom all blessings flow ;
All creatures join, and sing to God our friend,
The CAUSE OF ALL, THE AUTHOR, and the end.

THE
POET'S LEGACY
 TO HIS SON.¹

My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of
 thy mother. Prov. i, 8.

INSCRIBED, WITH THE GREATEST HUMILITY,
 TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THOMAS LORD FOLEY.

ARGUMENT.

In the present age of literature and refinement, so many able writers have come forward on the subject of Education, that it may appear a vain thing in me to make any attempt of the kind; but as the essay before me comes in a new garb, and contains many useful hints to persons in all ranks of life, I hope it will be serviceable to the rising generation, as well as entertaining to those who are grown to maturity. As the younger branches of society are brought upon the great theatre of the world earlier than they formerly were, it is necessary that we speak to them in a more manly, forcible and pathetic language than is generally taught in our common spelling-books and such-like publications.

Since you may shortly as an orphan live,
 Observe this counsel—all I have to give :
 Mark well my precepts and imbibe good part,
 So shall you write them firmly on your heart.
 Obedience is the law a youth should learn,
 So soon as he can right from wrong discern ;
 Then be subservient to your parent's will,
 Which will your mind with every virtue fill.
 Perverseness in a boy shews want of sense,
 Perform your duty without mean pretence ;
 Whate'er your teachers bid you to fulfil,

Complete the same at once with free good will.
A willing mind to every work gives ease,
And he is blest who always strives to please :
But he that does to sullenness give way,
Will find his summer like a winter's day.
An easy, even temper learn while young,
True joy and comfort must to such belong ;
And he that pleasure does to friends impart,
Must always have a cheerful merry heart ;
Would you be happy in your earliest youth,
Then you must strictly here adhere to truth.
To be a liar is the meanest thing,
It does confusion on the speaker bring ;
If you advance one falsehood and no more,
To make that good, then you must tell a score.
A liar always is an errant cheat,
As well as sycophant or knave complete ;
When once you 've got the name of liar meek,
You 're not believ'd altho' the truth you speak :
And therefore when you're wrong, confess the same,
'T will gain you credit and an honour'd name.
Of circumvention thousands do complain,
Establish'd liars seldom will refrain ;
A vice confirm'd by fashion takes deep root,
And custom reconciles some men to do 't.
It is sincerely to be wish'd that breath,
So much defil'd might meet a sudden death ;
Mark Ananias and Sapphira's name,
Two lasting monuments to liars' shame.
Strive to subdue all base desires betimes,
And bear correction for your youthful crimes ;
" If thou dost love thy child " said th' man of God,
" Chastise him well, and spare not thou the rod."
The natural man is seen in tender age,

Then hear the wisdom of the friendly sage :
" By just correction thousands have been won,
By much indulgence thousands are undone.
Your inclinations must sometimes be crost,
Direct them well or else the man is lost ;
Crosses and disappointments oft will rise,
Bear 'em when young, thus you 'll be truly wise.
See the gay stripling who was ne'er chastis'd,
Looks like a fool who would not be advis'd :
The well inform'd will e'er instruction hear,
But folly ne'er the least reproof can bear.
Be thou of gentle manners, temper mild,
The happy man was first a docile child ;
The best impressions made while we are young,
And he that wont be taught shall oft be wrong.
Of all we find there's something to be caught,
And ev'ry one may by his friend be taught ;
But he that's stubborn in his own self will,
Shall e'er remain an ignoramus still.
Rise early in the morn, make this a rule,
To say your prayers before you go to school.
Learn you by heart the words of Bishop Ken,
I think his hymns the best e'er wrote with pen :
He had just notions of th' Almighty true,
Such pious men as he there are but few.
God is a Spirit present every where,
Which fills the heavens, the earth, the sea and air ;
He was before the world or birth of time,
And knows our secret thoughts and every crime ;
All our designs and deeds he doth regard,
And he will give each man a just reward.
For all good men there is a heaven we know,
While for the wicked there's a hell below.
Esteem the grace of God in value more,

Than all the gold on the rich Indian shore ;
Let virtue be the jewel most you prize,
And think him greatest, who is truly wise.
Avoid bad customs in your earliest days,
And flee from vice and all her winning ways ;
The most deceitful thing you meet is sin,
In true philosophy your life begin.
Resolve to be correct, your passions rule,
The man is stamp'd who e'er did right at school ;
Your young ideas should when green be bent,
Form them right well—the fruit is true content.
How wise, and how supremely blest is he,
Who strives in youth to be from error free :
'T is rectitude alone that makes the man,
Be this your model when you form your plan.
When you're in school treat all with due respect,
And not one line of task or else neglect ;
Be quiet and observe the master's laws,
Think why you're there, and of th'important cause.
Let emulation prompt you every hour,
To do what's right and all that's in your power ;
Endeavor to be first in useful lore,
And thou like Crassus shalt obtain rich store.
With emphasis and pause learn well to read,
The thoughts of being a dunce I'd have you dread ;
How stupid and how ignorant doth look
The boy who is a bungler at his book.
Behold the man who does himself expose,
For want of learning like an ass he goes ;
" In education all the diff'rence lies,"
So said an author, prudent, good and wise.
I'd have you write a hand correct and fair,
This can't be done without some taste and care ;
Nothing more handsome looks than writing well,

But first of all be sure you learn to spell.
Orthography must be of greatest use,
Who learns it not will make a poor excuse;
Nor write, nor speak in language that is low,
Concise your diction, let it easy flow.
Let every work be done with all your might,
By reason guided, be't the thing that's right;
In all your actions, whether great or small,
They're worth doing well, if worth your care at all.
Take care you be to habits good inclin'd,
And early learn to fortify your mind;
Copy your betters, as they speak and write,
Even so do you, and then you'll manage right.
Mark well your bible; read it o'er and o'er,
The oftener read you love it still the more;
There you've advice in life through every stage,
And there is comfort in declining age.

"The Mental Friend," you know, a little book,
so call'd, in which you frequently should look;
Also th' "Economy of Human Life,"
In every word there written have belief.
Those books contain such lessons tho' they're old,
As should be grav'd in characters of gold;
In them such cogent maxims you discern,
As make the man each christian duty learn.
But to those works you need not be confin'd,
Gay's Fables may sometimes relax the mind;
And none but moral books I'd have you choose,
He's clever, who reads well the weekly news,
Good history too, the reader's sure to find,
Will much amuse and cultivate his mind;
To learn the use of figures take much pains,
Who knows 'em not, ne'er counts his yearly gains;
By these the best of calculations made;

To further commerce and increase our trade,
Now when a tradesman fails among the Dutch,
So well they tell their figures—their art such ;
They spurn much at th' insolvent's poor amounts,
And say, 't was all for want of good accounts.
Geography's a science you should know,
The well inform'd are lik'd where'er they go :
Behold how simple doth the man appear,
Who always moves within a narrow sphere.
Good breeding is a necessary thing,
Act by it's rules, and you may serve your king ;
How charming is the man who strives to please,
How awkward he who has no native grace :
Pleasant are weighty words in season spoke,
But filthy is a rough untimely joke.
A youth who speaks with eloquence must win,
And soft caresses often cover sin :
Whene'er you wish to gain a certain end,
In soothing language e'er engage your friend ;
And when you speak, be sure you shew no fear,
Lest you to disadvantage should appear ;
Strive to have courage, make your talents bright,
He's nought to fear who does the thing that's right.
Strain every nerve when you'd a purpose gain,
And e'er if possible your wish obtain :
Be firm and call the graces to your aid,
And never like a coward be afraid,
Thus fortitude will ever find you arms,
And thus a youth will have ten thousand charms.
At table when in company you set,
Like Chesterfield good manners ne'er forget :
Nothing more comely does in youth appear,
Than good deportment when his friends are there,
By good behavior did brave Marlbro' wise

Bring to his measures even enemies ;
Be candid when acquaintance you begin,
Who leaves his friend without a cause must sin :
Ne'er be ungrateful to your father's friend,
Nor with your own in malice e'er contend.
Of all the crimes for which vile men are curst,
Ingratitude's the blackest and the worst ;
Store up the maxims of each grecian sage,
Then you 'll be blest in youth and in old age.
In choosing friends let it be done with care,
The company you keep shews what you are ;
But more than these you daily should pursue,
Your Maker's will and give him praises due.
The pious life and innocence you 'll find,
Give heart-felt pleasure to the Christian mind.

A time of much importance soon will come,
When you must leave your school as well as home ;
With judgment then your occupation choose,
And what your friends think meet do not refuse.
Consult your relatives and turn of mind,
What 's for your good, to that be you inclin'd :
Be diligent in business, 't is the thing
That will true honors and great riches bring,
For which there are who stand before the king.
At this material crisis, if to trade,
You 're put, and your election's firmly made ;
And firm I 'd have you be in every thing,
All fickle people oft are on the wing,
And seldom honor to their station bring.
Then serve your master with the utmost care,
And when you 're call'd be ready always near ;
Keep truth and honor e'er before your eyes,
And let him never take you by surprise,
Think on the ant and always early rise.

Your trade by close attention strive to learn,
Be quick in all your parts and much discern ;
No lazy people come to any good,
I'd always earn, before I eat my food ;
E'er strive to make improvement day by day,
Be pleasing to your master ev'ry way ;
Whether or not he acts with much reserve,
Do your part well and all his praise deserve.
Perhaps he's more to think on than you have,
And therefore sometimes may be very grave ;
Be this as 't will, let nothing you dismay,
Mark well his rules, and all his laws obey.
If difficulties rise e'er beat 'em down,
And say to sorrows thou art not my own ;
Your calling make a pleasure not a task,
Be free to learn, and modest questions ask :
Industry as the choicest treasure prize,
And keep strict honesty before your eyes.
Have you a mistress who's a woman good,
And she supplies you with warm wholesome food ;
Then if her manners gentle are and kind,
Attend her call, be to her will inclin'd.
If she command, obey with all your heart,
And when your master frowns, she'll take your
part :
Thus both are pleas'd, and thus I'd serve myself,
A woman's favor is as good as pelf.
Oft make contrivance when it is no harm,
And let your words and actions always charm ;
This you may easy and at all times do,
Yet keep your master's int'rest right in view.
Each day be mindful that you some good act,
Ne'er let your head with novelty be rac'd ;
Since curiosity doth dang'rous prove,

The bane of those who innovation love.
Keep no late hours, but mind your work and tools,
Nocturnal revels are the sport of fools ;
In public-houses never be a sot,
The idle spendthrift has no credit got.
The young the unsuspecting and the gay,
Are often dup'd, and fall an easy prey :
Whatever you profess, be this your plan,
To stand upon the watch 'gainst every man.
The human heart's deceitful 'bove all things,
And great credulity much sorrow brings ;
Altho' you with a friend or brother deal,
Be punctual then and think of your own weal.
Since all by nature move towards themselves,
And sometimers brothers prove the worst of elves ;
In youth 't is hurtful to have much conceit,
Trust none too far, the world is all deceit :
And often those who large professions make,
Shall be the first who will advantage take :
Then keep your watchful senses five alert,
Call forth your talents learn to be expert :
You cann't expect the world will find you eyes,
Weigh all things well, or you can ne'er be wise ;
Of all the useful learning man e'er knew,
The best's to guard against a cheating crew ;
Go where you will, you always will find those,
Who when they can, on weakness will impose.
If you with foreigners should e'er engage,
Let caution guide your steps ; your tender age
Shou'd often be admonish'd ; freely then,
Give ear to those who are experienc'd men.
If you are blest with gifts from bounteous heav'n,
And fertile genius to your mind is giv'n ;
Be sure you then keep prudence in your sight,

And let that genius be directed right.
Since genius ill conducted proves a curse,
And leads to poverty, there's nothing worse ;
Of all the evils on the British shore,
Avoid the greatest, that of being poor :
Now in this world if you no money have,
With Plato's sense—like Chesterfield behave,
And you've no cash—of ev'ry thing you need,
You're only spurn'd at like a loathsome weed ;
In all transactions then you must be stout,
But not a knave, lest you should be found out ;
By plodding means and common sense are found,
That men like Crassus in pure gold abound.
Get wealth whene'er you can, but have a care,
You get it honestly—ne'er overbear ;
However high you stand on list of fame,
You'll find a treasure in a spotless name,
Civility to almost all is due,
And yet 't is practic'd by a very few ;
Learn you the graces rightly to possess,
In easy carriage more than in your dress.
Try to oblige, and ev'ry heart to win,
In pleasant manners there can be no sin ;
Accommodate your neighbour when you can,
You make him then your confidential man :
Thus will you e'er obtain some hearty friends,
And thus you oft will gain your private ends.
Think it no trouble when you serve a friend,
Whom God did timely as a blessing send ;
Then keep that friend against an iron day,
Do what is right, and you've a conscience gay.
"A lad's good manners oft his fortune shape,"
So did the ancient dames in proverbs gape,
While softest answers anger must appease,

Thrice happy he who has the art to please.

Now if you choose to be a grave divine,
Or at the bar would rather plead and shine,
With gen'ral knowledge first enrich your mind,
And rhetoric, such as Cicero obtain'd.

In such a sphere think not to move your feet,
Unless you find yourself prepar'd and meet :

'T is better go a little lower down,
Than once disgrace the sacred robe or gown.

Be that as 't will, I would my mind improve,
And in politest circles strive to move,
For graceful manners and a good address,
Oft cause a youth great fortune to possess.

Dancing I 'd learn, it seldom fails to please,
'Tis well to move with dignity and ease,

To sprightly youth it gives a winning air,
And makes him well receiv'd by all the fair.

If you to music's charms should have an ear,
And Handel-like would draw the melting tear ;
Then touch at leisure hour the sounding string,
It is a science fit for any king.

Painting and poetry are noble arts,
In which you may indulge if you have parts,
But not without you independent are,
First let your occupation be your care.

If you are blest with an harmonious voice,
Like Madam Mara, you may well rejoice ;
Like her may you, your talent well improve,
Like her may you, in paths of prudence move.

Whatever talent 's your's, make it no snare,
Improve it well, 't is then a treasure dear ;

The greatest blessing may be made your curse,
Be thankful for your lot that 't is no worse.

Now if your pocket should be rather low,

Be thankful still for what heaven does bestow,
And let your care and vigour daily grow.
Since he deserves our greatest praise we find,
Who is to true philanthropy inclin'd.
Now if your term or 'prenticeship's expir'd,
And with the love of glory you are fir'd ;
Guide ev'ry step with caution, trade begin,
Get not too far in debt, it is a sin.
Rise with the lark, and like a soldier rest,
The honest man who labours hard is blest ;
Each obstacle that 's in your way throw down,
And persevere, tho' fortune daily frown.
Almost the greatest crosses are o'ercome,
By vig'rous efforts to obtain the plum ;
Be sure you keep your constitution good,
Take no excess of liquor or of food ;
Thus while the body is to health inclin'd,
For ev'ry enterprise it fits the mind :
But if you once relax, and are afraid,
Your plum and efforts in the dust are laid.

“ What manners and what times ! ” the world-
ling cries ;

In money only, all men's diff'rence lies :
And as things go, indeed it strangely sounds,
That any should have worth where is no pounds.
“ Money does all things,” said a potentate,
Possess the same or you are incomplete ;
It is to all I own of greatest use,
Altho' it oft can no content produce.
But what avails it if I do the whole,
Have more than Crassus, and yet lose my soul ?
And therefore he who is on riches bent,
Can rarely hope to find that gem content.
Vain man ! be thou in scale of justice cast !

And all you 'll find is vanity at last.

To know the world completely, travel much,
Thus all are taught what they should leave, what
touch :

First be resolv'd to go in wisdom's road,
Then you 'll improve where'er you make abode.
But in this task there is some pains requir'd,
And be your breast with emulation fir'd ;
Find out wherein is plac'd each man's chief good,
Pursue his virtues as a princely mode ;
Be humble; but be sure you 're never mean,
And have that decent pride of being clean :
All cleanliness to godliness is kin,
A filthy person is a heap of sin.
Never descend to actions that are low,
But rather strive all useful things to know ;
Keep up your consequence and spirit too,
Nor once degrade yourself in all you do ;
Ne'er do one action that 's beneath a man,
In justice and in virtue form your plan.
Whatever be your sphere, keep up the same,
And strive to merit an immortal name ;
Whatever you profess, ne'er from it roam,
Thus did the sages of old Greece and Rome.
By men of judgment well 't is understood,
A double minded-man can ne'er be good,
And therefore if you 'd rise to wealth and fame,
One calling choose—with might pursue the same :
Think you by God's appointment such is done,
And to this point let all your judgment run.

Thirst after knowledge, 't is an heavenly food,
Examine all things, and hold fast the good ;
But more than books, I'd have you study men,
Tho' well you know 'em, they deceive you then ;

The coxcomb and the prating fool despise,
Adhere to truth, no scandal e'er devise.
The busy-body shun, he is a cheat,
Much like the liar, who's a knave complete;
Be open to conviction, bear control,
Abhor the wretch who has a narrow soul;
Mark him who to much wit doth make pretence,
But honour and esteem the man of sense:
And be content with what you ought to know,
From prying fools no good can ever flow.
Nothing in man more childish does appear,
Than being fond of his own tongue to hear;
Behold in all, the case is sometimes such,
We feel great pain because we've said too much;
What sharp reflections have by some been known,
From whom a foolish hasty word has flown.
No promise give but what you do make good,
Subdue your passions, love not dainty food;
The epicure 's a wretch I would despise,
Fastidious eaters are but seldom wise;
Who loves his belly rarely fears his God,
A child well train'd must often feel the rod.
Despise the drunkard and his vulgar jest,
He is of all flesh, sure the greatest beast;
All men of sense must know their stomach's gauge,
And such their passions ever will assuage.
Use self denial if you would have health,
And be judicious or you 'll have no wealth;
By whims and fancies ne'er be led aside,
Before you speak let every word be weigh'd.
Consider well before you make a deed,
No writing sign until the same you read;
The worst of errors, and the greatest snare,
Are men drawn into, who too easy are.

Whene'er you make disbursement to amount,
Then take 'receipt, and have a just accompt,
And when you make a contract, mind the way,
Leave not the price until another day :
But settle all at once while 't is in hand,
A cunning tradesman on defence does stand ;
And he who is not cunning should keep from
The busy world, and always stay at home.
Law-suits avoid, and all such hellish quirks,
They are the devil sure, and all his works ;
Our skilful counsellors condense the laws,
Or make 'em cobwebs as it suits their cause,
And where there 's cash they 'll kick up strife for
straws.

Tho' oft it proves the client 's much to blame,
And gives his paltry cause a righteous name ;
When that's the case, the devil's turn'd about,
And both are injur'd till the truth comes out :
So therefore I 'd advise you to keep peace,
And right or wrong from all contention cease.
Altho' the law takes much from some by stealth,
Yet others have thereby obtain'd great wealth,
Nor wealth alone, as well a titled name,
Engrav'd in 'temple of immortal fame.
In this profession men should have good eyes,
Be cunning, careful, and like serpents wise :
The law is always good when handled right,
And justice fair is kept within our sight ;
Thus far I think 't was ever understood,
An honest lawyer is a public good.

Be not good-natured without being wise,
And ne'er the counsel of a friend despise ;
In money-matters use your pen and ink,
The world is not so honest as you think ;

A good opinion have where you have try'd,
But not before—with caution great confide ;
For such deceptions in the world we find,
As do the keenest penetration blind.
In each dispute and argument I crave,
That you do handsomely to all behave :
Therefore be not too positive and vain,
He's often wrong who loudest does complain,
All men have errors, this we must believe,
'T is noble when we're injur'd to forgive ;
We should pass o'er offences that are small,
Or we shall find no friends in life at all.
Correct yourself, ne'er use a word profane,
Swear not at all, it is a custom mean ;
The language that we use in common, shews
A heart corrupt, when filthy nonsense flows.
The well-bred person e'er makes this his plan,
To be sincere and candid where he can ;
Not all I own can have the graces three,
But all may treat you with civility.
No figure among ciphers ever make,
And shun the gamester and the thoughtless rake ;
The greatest dupes and weakest fools are they,
Who e'er to knaves and sharpers fall a prey.
The man who plays for lucre all would cheat,
Avoid him then, he is a rogue complete :
When avarice once has caught the human heart,
The same will soon with every virtue part.
How weak is he who largely bets does make,
And at one stroke sets all he hath at stake ;
This burning lust, this thirst of sordid gain,
Oft ends in madness, death and direful pain.
The gamester sometimes thwarts his own design,
And ruin follows, while he works the mine,

While he who hazards much for sake of self,
With all his tricks he most deceives himself.
Debauchery as deadly poison shun,
Thousands by vice completely are undone :
Be doubly wary when temptation 's near,
Resist at first—you keep your conscience clear.
Of all the vipers which the world infests,
The libertine is sure the worst of pests :
Young men oft take much pains and special care,
To ruin innocence and trick the fair ;
They study ev'ry part of wild intrigue,
Use subtle arts, and argument that's vague,
To bring frail woman to their purpose vile,
And like the serpent weakest sex beguile.
But know, seducer, that thy cost and pains,
At length afford thee less than little gains ;
'T is plain thyself is most deceiv'd at last,
Since now thy pangs exceed thy pleasures past :
Delights unlawful can no comfort bring,
They leave behind an everlasting sting.

Make happy those you can, and thus you'll find,
True pleasure centres in the gen'rous mind ;
Let justice in your dealings form your plan,
And out of business be the gentleman.
Be e'er magnanimous when danger's near,
And in your friendships always be sincere ;
Be kind and courteous, thus you'll gain respect,
And ne'er your friend in any case neglect.
No fawning or gross flatt'ry ever use,
Be nobly firm—your judgment ne'er abuse :
Never be singular in what you do,
As others make appearance so do you ;
Nor first nor last in any custom be,
Since in most things a medium 's best we see.

Your Country's constitution pray discern,
By which you will at all times something learn;
Smart answers give, yet understanding strong.
Then will your company be courted long.
In dress be neat, not fine--he does display
much weakness who is fond of clothing gay;
Nor every foolish fashion would I ape;
Monkies we see appear in ev'ry shape.
Now if dame Fortune holds you in fair light,
And 't is your wish, I'd learn the arts polite,
The tour of Europe then will set you right.
Refine yourself in Florence, France and Rome,
Return and be the honest heart at home.
But to these things you must not make pretence,
Without considering like a man of sense;
Before you are in life by fancy tost,
Sit down and prudently count all the cost.
Let reason go before each enterprise,
And counsel take if you'd be rich and wise;
On public worship due attendance give,
That God's rich blessing you may have and live;
Where only two or three together are,
To hear the holy word, our God is there,
To answer our requests and hear our prayer.
Great comfort does true piety afford,
To those who live in hope and fear the Lord;
The prayers of righteous men do much avail,
Trust in our God, to help he will not fail.
In whatsoever you do or have belief,
Think on the business of eternal life;
And let the worldling argue how he can,
It is religion that completes the man.
This virtue lies in serving God with fear,
And always acting with a conscience clear,

In doing good to those who stand in need,
And healing such as do in torture bleed :
He that speaks comfort to the troubled heart,
And does sincerely act the christian's part :
'T is he that's heard the true converted call,
Stands firm as sacred truth and ne'er shall fall.
The precepts of our Saviour keep in sight,
His yoke is easy and his burden's light :
The study of divinity is pure,
Nor wounds the troubled soul but makes a cure.
Remember to keep holy Sabbath day,
And that we should the laws of God obey ;
Then think it not too much, one day in seven,
To spend in service of the Lord of heaven,
Who to ungrateful man so much has giv'n.
Can he who will not his Creator serve,
Expect he shall our confidence deserve.
And reverenc'd be the messengers from God,
Who are appointed to shew all the roads
To life eternal—lean to them an ear,
They bring to man good tidings from afar.
The Gospel which they preach is that of truth,
Engrave it on your heart while in your youth,
So shall you wisdom find when you are old,
A life of godliness prize more than gold.
Make no excuse when you should prayer attend,
First serve your Maker, he's your constant friend,
And if the priest should stumble in his part,
Regard it not, religion's in the heart :
The best construction put on all men's ways,
So shall you be esteem'd and merit praise.
Remember time's great value, not an hour,
But that now present is within your pow'r :
Employ it wisely e'er, because the past,

Cann't be recall'd and this perhaps your last.
The wise and great philosophers of old,
Esteem'd their hours much more than purest gold:
Like them may you the idle life despise,
Like them may you be truly good and wise.
And as the fleeting day comes on may you,
Improve in knowledge and in virtue too;
Where much is given there will be much requir'd,
Work while 't is day, not slattern-like be tir'd:
Observe creation's volume ope' to view,
We need not then want something more to do:
See nature's works each day in order rise,
How wonderful is all before our eyes.
Contemplate on the numerous mercies giv'n,
And thank each day the glorious God of heav'n:
Employ your leisure hours o'er history's page,
Your Country's chronicle may make you sage:
There you the highest pleasure must receive,
And by the best examples learn to live:
There great men's actions are to you made known,
And by their conduct regulate your own.
All novels and romances lightly touch,
Be grave and studious, but not over much:
Nor let loose comedies upon the stage,
Corrupt your mind in this degenerate age.
The English classics I'd sometimes rehearse,
Now read instructive prose, and then some verse;
The essays of the learned Knox are good,
And keep your mind well stor'd with proper food.

If high your notions run, and you'd be great,
You in the senate then may wish a seat:
Should you in pocket e'er be qualify'd,
I'd try my friends and in the house reside.
And if you're chosen freely, mind the cause,

For which you were sent there,—obey the laws ;
In honor serve the people, love your king,
So shall the Country with your praises ring.
Your speeches let be nervous, bold and free,
Mark wholesome laws—adhere to liberty :
Be independent, take the side that is right,
And serve that side with all your heart and might.
Whene'er you meet a knave that would do wrong.
Then spare him not—with prudence use your
tongue :

Keep reputation e'er before your eyes,
Obtain good will, and like an hero rise.
Your rhetoric let it run in manly style,
Smoothly in plenty; like the river Nile,
Nor let that flow your country e'er beguile.
To do the people good; be that your aim,
And like puissant Pitt obtain a name.
Like him may you adhere to honest rule,
And ne'er to party be a servile tool :
Like him may you corruption base despise,
Like him may you your Country aggrandize.
Think not true honor lies in titled name,
The honest man obtains th' noblest fame ;
He stands unshaken in a glorious cause,
And future ages give him loud applause.

If you would laurels in the army find,
Then must you have an elevated mind ;
Like Boadicea who with vigor fought,
When martial Rome was by a woman taught.
The ancient Briton in her fleeting car,
Gave Cæsar battle in a glorious war ;
Aloof she made him stand, and nobly cry'd,
“ O ! save my Country”,—like a Wolf she dy'd.
Like Wolf magnanimous may you e'er steer,

Like him may you engage the Gauls in war :
Like him may you stand up in Britain's cause,
And while your blood runs warm, support her laws.
May you like Churchill to a Marlbro' rise,
In field and cabinet be truly wise ;
May you like Cadogan be long admir'd,
And be your breast with emulation fir'd,
Thirst after glory and be never tir'd.
May you like Albemarle be truly brave,
Like Chesterfield polite, like Sherlock grave,
May you like Chatham raise your Country high,
Be honor'd as he was, and like him die.

If on the seas you'd have the great command,
Steady and vig'rous then must be your hand,
Your courage should be what the Romans taught,
By prudence guided every deed and thought.
True English skill and zealous enterprise,
Must make you firm and like a Shovel wise ;
Undaunted you, in every case appear,
Like him be valiant, to your Country dear.
Jervis and Duncan did the World amaze,
And glorious Nelson rul'd upon the seas :
While hearty Rodney e'er shall rank among,
The British worthies and the matchless throng,
They are the burden of the poet's song.
And now, my son, in life there's one more stage,
In which I'd wish to guide your tender age ;
That one's perhaps important as the rest,
And one event may make you curst or blest.
First then resolve to cleave to what is good,
And take your friend's advice as best of food ;
Act by these rules you'll get no pungent blame,
And think my interest and your own the same.
A son that's wise shall give his parents joy,

But he that's wicked, doth their peace destroy;
A brutish child will never be reprov'd,
While he that's docible shall be belov'd.
Learn then my son, and love to be well taught,
Be prudent in each act, sublime in thought:
Your parents have experience bought; attend,
And always think your father is your friend;
Altho' you're grown to proper manhood's state,
To learn some good it is not yet too late.
Now if you wish to wed, and sweeten life,
Be not short-sighted when you choose a wife,
Where's no discretion, there's much care and strife.
Look at the consequence before you wed;
And by caprice besure you're never led;
For on the choice of this bewitching friend,
Your welfare and content doth much depend.
Two ciphers put together nothing make,
Whene'er you woo, this precept with you take,
'T is easy to stoop down towards the earth,
And pick up that which is of little worth;
'T is easy any time to take for life,
An ign'rant, poor, low-bred, and useless wife:
But women lovely, of the lovely kind,
Who weighty are in fortune and in mind;
When man assails discreetly make defence,
And prudently take those of worth and sense.
Now mark the bus'ness how it should be done,
Your conduct must in paths of wisdom run;
A free and nice address, a little care;
Good parts and much attention wins the fair.
Reserve a tale that's lively, new, and smart,
In soothing language touch her tender heart;
And when you find the same begins to slide,
Be not too cool, but modest at her side.

No liberties improper ever take,
Yet you may now and then assume the rake ;
For this I've found from long experience, that
There are few women love a simple flat.
Be ever pertinent, not rudely bold,
And tell no stories that are stale or old ;
Good humour always keep within your sight,
And watch her temper, see the same be right.
Now if she has not all the graces three,
Yet does in sentimeht with you agree ;
If she's the virtues, and has plain good sense,
And does to dang'rous wit ne'er make pretence,
If she's good natur'd, and to you is kind,
And has a delicate and happy mind,
These things do all much in your favour run,
But yet the grand important thing's undone.
How are her circumstances, find that out,
For he that weds, some cash will want no doubt ;
So therefore in this case you must be cunning,
And boldly plead your cause like wary Dunning.
Since he that is to love a dupe and tool,
Will find at length, he's made himself a fool.
By all young lovers be this understood,
A man should wed to do himself some good ;
'T is not because he's fann'd a nat'r'l flame,
'T is loving wrong for which he's much to blame.
'T is no offence to have a lawful wife,
But 't is reproach to be an ass for life ;
Now if your fav'rite's parents do live near,
Consult the same before you go too far,
While man does right, he nothing has to fear.
To them your own affairs exact make known,
Then you may ask her sire what he'll lay down,
Both when you wed, and likewise when cold death

Shall come and rob him of his latest breath;
If he 's a man of strictest honour then,
You may believe him as the best of men,
But if he 's slipp'ry and a knave you think,
Take not his word, use paper, pen and ink.
Your bargain wisely make, regard not word,
For only words may great mistakes afford :
Now if this deed 's in reason founded just,
The sire will say you 're] worthy of his trust;
And that you soon may wed his daughter fair,
For whom you 've shewn such prudent love and care.
Make no connexion where the fam'ly 's large,
The same will put you to a daily charge;
Besides, where 's many, seldom all do well,
Some may be wise, and some their birth-right sell.
But more than these avoid another thing,
Which mis'ry may upon your children bring ;
The thing is worse than poverty I ween,
That wretched thing is madness which I mean.
To paint the woman you may love I cann't,
I only say for what your heart should pant ;
Perverseness much in human nature lies,
Say what I will, there 's some that wont be wise.
The man who looks within himself is clear,
That we can have no great perfection there ;
In woman too, I 'm told by sacred muse,
There is small faults which all men should excuse.
Look far beyond her superficial pow'rs,
For elegance of mind if woman 's your's ;
Her notions and her manners, mark 'em down,
If you 'd be happy they must suit your own.
In ardent love and peace let all be done,
And to one point let both your int'rests run ;
A good domestic wife has charms within,

Which far exceeds the tincture of the skin?
She studies household good, she strives to please,
And day by day improves in native grace.
Make no attempts to lead the fair astray,
But gain your point in virtue's noble way,
The wretch who on seduction forms his plan,
Was never worthy to be called a man.
At all events no circumvention use,
Lest you are caught, and most yourself confuse;
Marriage was surely for good ends design'd,
Let not your love be such as makes you blind;
Nor let your int'rest be entirely lost,
However much you may in love be crost.
In love affairs but few will bear controul,
Especially where there's a narrow soul;
Some men in love, it may with truth be said,
Are little better than a man half mad,
Who deaf to reason, weds in ardent spite,
And in sweet contradiction finds delight.
There are who do these things, I must believe,
And such 't is plain do most themselves deceive;
Hear reason then, and be not like the brute,
By instinct mov'd, or tree of scabby fruit.
Read Thomson's Spring, it is a picture drawn,
Of perfect love, on Hagley's flow'ry lawn;
The virtuous Lyttleton and Lucy there,
To future ages were a model fair.
Now if a worthy woman you obtain,
With whom you've good connexion, cash, and gain;
Yet for the sake of peace you still must strive,
To keep the love and harmony alive.
Merely to wed a woman is not all,
Take care the honey is not turn'd to gall;
A woman amiable should ne'er be crost,

Tho' you have won, she easy may be lost:
And with the same I seldom would contend,
For know I always was a woman's friend.
Then use her tenderly, and she 'll obey,
But if you 're rough, the love is flown away;
Man was intended to protect the fair,
And treat her with affection, truth and care,
Not to usurp and play the tyrant's part,
For such will in the sequel surely smart.
Each in their place must patiently give way,
And each will have return another day;
'Twixt man and wife there should be complaisance,
Which fam'ly comfort always does enhance;
Mark well the party where 's no civil tongue,
There, peace and unity are seldom long.
Marriage has many duties to discharge,
When foolish done, your troubles must enlarge;
And e'en where prudence and forecast 's discern'd,
The nuptial union 's sometimes overturn'd.
Perhaps a son 's untoward, weak and wild,
By mother's fondness much indulg'd and spoil'd;
Mothers are oft too merciful and meek,
With those who nothing but their ruin seek;
And this I frequently have found, in life,
Brings sharp contention betwixt man and wife.
Some silly men to drunkenness give way,
At other times the pretty wife 's too gay,
And such things are to cause domestic fray.
Sometimes the dame is much too fond of dress,
Which does the husband's mind with fear impress,
Others we see in jealousy shall burn,
Which is of all the most unhappy turn.
Some husbands keep their wives of cash too short,
This makes the lady in great haste retort,

And she grants him the fewer favours, for't.
In some connexions poor relations are,
Who for themselves e'er took but little care;
And these have wants, well founded, such ne'er
cease,

Which oft disturb the sweet connubial peace :
Some fam'lies 'fore you wed, therein appear,
To have sweet union, and good judgment clear;
And while their property's together kept,
They are as those who in one bed have slept;
But when your case does come to be decided,
And all the hoarded stock must be divided,
Their temper's chang'd, no more you're left in
doubt,

The friendship's over, and the truth comes out.
Now all these things in some degree expect,
Act your part well, and not one thing neglect,
This do, and whether things go right or wrong,
Sweet peace of mind will then to you belong :
Your duty well perform and leave the rest,
To him who orders all things for the best.
This life's a warfare, we must trials meet,
Go to the rich, you find them incomplete;
They have their wants as well as you and me,
And all that live with some must disagree.

The honour'd statesman, and the great in pow'r,
Oft meet with rubs to make their temper sour ;
Go to the head that's crown'd, and see what's there,
The same you'll find is oft disturb'd by care.
And he that does a family large beget,
Is ev'ry way with thorny grief beset ;
That man who takes a wife, the world must wed,
Oft be perplex'd, and be by some misled.
Who lives at ease can seldom so remain,

There are some pleas'd to give another pain ;
Tho' some are soft, yet are they very elves,
And turn you where they would not go themselves :

Yet after all a virtuous wife 's a thing,
Which does to man the truest comfort bring ;
If she is prudent, sober, chaste and wise,
Regard her then as you do both your eyes.
Take care to make a fit and proper choice,
And with her then you surely will rejoice ;
When we choose wrong, the devil near us lurks,
'T is much like hell and all infernal works.
Would you the road to happiness but learn,
First then be satisfy'd—you 'll soon discern ;
That heaven does not alike on all bestow,
Some must be blest, and some will wretched grow,
Whatever course you take, in God confide,
And if you can, for hoary age provide.
Do what is right, then you 'll be ever blest,
Still hope, and leave to providence the rest.
See all is form'd aright for public good,
The ways of heaven when rightly understood,
Must teach us that we never can invent,
A better science than to learn content.
Then have you much or little, wish no more,
Thank God the Author, and his name adore ;
How happy he who does no axiom try,
But to live justly and prepare to die.

Will noble Foley deign to hear a song,
From poor Tibullus, who has oft been wrong,
Whose rustic warblings can but weakly guide,
A world where learning as a stream doth glide.
An age so well inform'd, so full of lore,
Perhaps can want to know but little more ;

An age well tutor'd, and so much improv'd,
We find each youth with every virtue mov'd.
All useful knowledge we obtain betimes,
And men grown wiser have few darling crimes ;
So shall the rising generation find,
The good effects of an enlighten'd mind.
Each boy the father's law, his study makes,
Well bent, the mother's will he ne'er forsakes ;
He labors hard by right instruction knows,
That from pure learning every blessing flows.
Blest with the means, he finds the happy road,
And learns his duty both to man and God :
From true benevolence these blessings rise,
"Good Foley gave 'em", each poor orphan cries.
He cloath'd the naked, and the hungry fed,
And gave deserving objects daily bread,
Behold th' asylum* where they lay their head.
A father to the fatherless indeed,
He heal'd the heart that did in sorrow bleed :
These happy things our hearty friend hath done,
Whose virtues have a crown of glory won ;
He did the love of God and man regard,
And life eternal is his sure reward.
My empty song shall cease, and die away,
But honor'd Foley's name shall ne'er decay :
To future ages 't will remain the same,
Grav'd in the temple of immortal fame.

* Oldswinford Hospital.

THE
DEIST RECLAIMED,
 A POEM,
 IN FOUR BOOKS,
 WHEREIN THE HOLY BIBLE, THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION,
 THE CLERGY, AND THE GOVERNMENT OF GREAT
 BRITAIN, ARE DEFENDED

If there 's a Power above us, and that there is all Nature cries aloud through all her works. Addison.

ARGUMENT.

Notwithstanding several eminent persons have nobly defended the sacred writings with applause, the author of the following little work humbly presumes to put the same subject into a new dress, and offer it to the public with deference as a scourge for Mr. Rowe, one of that generation of vipers called the Painites, who,

“Free from the bar, the pulpit and the throne,
 Is touch'd by shame and ridicule alone.”

And finding himself treated as one of those “scoffers, walking after their own lusts, whose folly shall be made manifest unto all men,” he was ashamed of his conduct, and hung down his dejected head like a bulrush. “Mark them which cause divisions and strifes, where is the wise, where is the scribe, where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world, and brought to nothing the devices of wicked men?”

THE DEIST RECLAIMED.

BOOK I.

OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.

Creative God who drew the matchless plan,
And out of chaos form'd the world and man :
Who made the light and bade confusion cease,
While order rose, and to his word gave place !
Author of all, who call'd me forth to move,
O make me e'er the object of thy love ;
Cause me to judge aright and learn thy way,
O give me wisdom every fleeting day ;
May I improve in knowledge of thy word,
And be thy holy Book my rule, O Lord.
Ye sacred Scriptures, happy guide of man,
'T is with your aid I must unfold my plan :
O could I sing like Amram's honor'd son,
And eloquently tell what God hath done ;
The awful Genius I must e'er commend,
Who hath the five first books of scripture penn'd,
And talk'd with God, as man does to his friend :
In language beautiful, and heavenly scan,
He states the origin of all to man.
He proves that sin caus'd death and all our woes,
That vice and Satan are our greatest foes ;
And that in Egypt's king we all may see

The sad effects of infidelity.

The God of heaven did Moses now inspire,
And in a bush appear'd, that burnt with fire;
He said, " No shoes must on thy feet be found,
Because thou stand'st upon my holy ground:
I have my people's sore affliction seen,
Which are in Egypt where they long have been;
I've heard their cry, and all their sorrows know,
And am come down to take away their woe.
Go thou and say I AM, hath sent thee there,
For I am God, whom thou shalt serve in fear,
And will my people out of Egypt bring,
From bondage hard, and from an heathen king:
Be stedfast in the cause for which thou 'rt sent,
And I'll be with thee, make thee eloquent."

Now Moses visited king Pharaoh's court,
Where pride prevail'd and hardness great of heart;
The holy shepherd wrought such wonders there,
As struck th' Egyptians with surprise and fear;
The work he had to do took up much time,
And now he wrote his hist'ry most sublime:
That sacred book the Bible thus began,
Which does contain the laws of God to man:
How first the world did out of chaos rise,
And that the Lord is ever good and wise.
Behold his ways are past our finding out,
That he 's Almighty there can be no doubt;
His great deliv'rance of the chosen seed,
Who were from Pharaoh and his bondage freed,
Does merit all our wonder, all our praise,
And will be rev'renc'd when the world decays:
With thankfulness we should think on the same,
And sing the glory of Jehovah's name.
King Pharaoh acted a base heathen's part,

Like Rowe he had a wicked harden'd heart ;
Nor could the plagues of Egypt bend his mind,
A foe to God can ne'er be well inclin'd.

The plagues of lice, of flies, of frogs and blains,
Were strew'd all o'er the Egyptian flow'ry plains ;
While ev'ry herb and flower which nature yields,
Was eat by locusts in their spacious fields.

Their waters into blood were turn'd, their land
Became a desert of dry barren sand,
O'er which the glorious sun did cease to shine,
God also caus'd their first-born to be slain.

When we the cruelties of Pharaoh read,
We must the vengeance of th' Almighty dread :
The miracles that were in Egypt done,
Were wrought by God whose works in order run,
At his command see Moses' rod did bud,
At his command a famine sore ensued,
At his command the sea on heaps did stand,
While Israel's sons pass'd through upon dry land ;
When Pharaoh and his bold presumptuous slaves,
Met death their due within the stormy waves.
Then give unto the Lord all honor due,
Set forth his praise and sing a song that's new ;
The God of Israel is our glorious King,
Therefore his praise let every creature sing.

Thus Moses was th' exalted man of Heav'n,
To him the law by God himself was giv'n ;
That all on earth may know which way the Lord,
Would deign to hear the pure instructive word :
This law the prophet to the priests did give,
That those hereafter may the same believe ;
And such contains the covenant which God
Did make with them who went his chosen road.
These acts of grace in wisdom were decreed,

That ev'ry man should have his proper meed :
We in this great ambassador may view,
A man from Heav'n, the first historian true,
Who was inspir'd and taught by him alone,
The God who laid the world's foundation stone;
Thus we're acquainted with the birth of time,
In language elegant and works sublime;
Dictated by pure wisdom from above,
Which all good men of ev'ry age approve.
Our legislator does with grace unfold,
The ways of heav'n and wond'rous works of old;
He had the honor to converse with God,
And holy men approv'd the path he trod :
By right from heaven he had the first command,
To lead the people with a prudent hand,
From barren deserts to the promis'd land;
That land which did with milk and honey flow,
That land which God did on the good bestow,
Behold our author with peculiar skill,
Proclaim in eloquence his maker's will ;
While no one act he wishes to conceal :
For tho' in anger he th' Egyptian slew,
The case he publish'd as a witness true ;
And as a faithful servant of the Lord,
His whole delight was in the holy word :
And tho' brought up by Pharaoh's daughter gay,
He left the court to walk a better way,
And choose to live with Israel's sons in grief,
Near those who had in God a firm belief,
Rather than lead a rich and heathen life.
Not in one instance does he e'er beguile,
The purest truth runs thro' his matchless style ;
No ancient records he explor'd to prove,
The facts he stated came from heav'n above.

In sweet poetic ease his diction draws
All ranks of men to keep the sacred laws :
Built on the basis of all sovereign right,
He blends instruction with e'er new delight.
All sacred history well informs mankind,
It opes the cause for which we were design'd,
It is a magazine of useful lore,
Or house well furnish'd with the richest store :
A garden of the choicest fruit and flowers,
In which we view the intellectual powers,
The powers of an exalted human mind,
The laws of God, and customs of mankind.
With extacy we read how first began,
The useful arts and sciences by man ;
'T was in the hallow'd page we saw first drawn,
A portrait of the world and learning's dawn ;
There we may trace the manners as they rose,
And see pure nature every charm disclose :
Simplicity and truth goes hand in hand,
And virtue finds reward in ev'ry land.

When Alexander spoke in Greece as king,
The nations round did with his praises ring ;
When Cicero in Rome fill'd ev'ry ear,
The people all with one accord drew near,
When Secker* in brave Albion preach'd the word,
Th' attentive crowds did fear the living Lord ;
And when great Murray pleaded at the bar,
They hung upon his lips from reigns far.
So when sage Pitt did speak the modern law,
He did the senate to his purpose draw ;
But how much more when God does deign to speak,
Should man give ear and awful silence make :

* He had the honour to baptize, marry and crown
his Majesty King George the third.

When the great author of the world came down,
To make his holy will to numbers known,
That precious word can man refuse to hear,
Which made the earth and mountains quake for
fear :

That mighty word which we can ne'er revoke,
That pure creative word which God hath spoke?
Search thou the Bible, there the same is found,
That best of gifts where wisdom does abound;
However hard your case in thorny life,
The Scriptures read, and there you find relief.
Did e'er your breast with virtue's charms e'er glow;
Then Joseph's life you must admire I trow:
And those who act like him in ev'ry case,
Are sure at length to find eternal peace.
Now Joseph was good Jacob's fav'rite son,
Because his works in filial duty run;
In pleasant dreams he had by heaven reveal'd,
Those truths which from his brethren were con-
ceal'd;

These he with modesty made known to those
He thought his friends, yet they were bitter foes;
And therefore sold their brother as a slave,
And twenty pieces for the same did have.
Thus Joseph into Egypt soon was brought,
Without his coat of many colours wrought,
But still the Lord for righteous Joseph fought,
While Potiphar his master prov'd a friend,
And did to Joseph all his mind unbend;
But Joseph's mistress was of Rahab's sort,
And to him said come lie with me in sport:
Now Joseph in the paths of virtue trod,
Fled from his dame, and went another road,
Because he would not sin against his God.

The master of the house at length came home,
She hated Joseph then, and fix'd his doom,
Protesting Joseph was of carnal race,
And that he wish'd to take his master's place,
See here his cloak ! he's fled in vile disgrace.
Thus madam Potiphar made up her tale,
And had poor Joseph thrown into a jail,
Behold him in prison, suffer rigid laws,
Magnanimous and firm in virtue's cause :
See him an exile in a loathsome goal,
But mark the greatness of his noble soul :
Despis'd by his brethren, hated, without food,
His highest pleasure was in doing good :
His wonted pity for a butler mov'd,
Who had forgot his friend,—ungrateful prov'd,
Till Pharaoh dream'd, nor could the wise men tell,
How to interpret all the meaning well.
At length the butler said he lately found,
A man in ward who could all dreams expound :
Then Joseph was before high Pharaoh brought,
And told the king of each nocturnal thought.
"There shall," said he, "be seven next years of store,
And then another seven of famine sore :
Prepare, and fill thy barns with corn and food,
The Lord pronounc'd it, think't is right and good."
'T was done, and true th' interpretation came,
Which pleas'd the king, and Joseph had much fame,
Was made to rule the second in the state,
What Joseph said was now the law complete.
The days of plenty all away were done,
And famine o'er the eastern country run ;
The distant nations hear of Egypt's store,
For corn the Hebrews came still more and more :
Also ten sons of Jacob came to have,
A share with him they sold to be a slave.

Joseph, to prove his wicked brethren, cries, 10
" Y' are come to see our naked land, ye spies :"
But when he saw they were his kindred there,
He told them who he was and dropt a tear.
His gen'rous heart with true compassion glow'd,
Forgave 'em freely while he wept aloud :
A good supply for all their wants did give,
And ask'd if Jacob still in health did live.
The good old man o'erjoy'd to hear his son,
Was still alive and all that good had done,
With fear, and great surprise o'ercome did cry,
Now will I see my son before I die.
Jacob enraptur'd at the true report,
Now visited his son at Pharaoh's court :
But Joseph, ever dutiful and good,
In haste to greet his parent on the road,
His chariot mounted and the kindred meet,
While pious Joseph fell at Jacob's feet.
The good old patriarch swoon'd with fear and joy,
To see the honours of his darling boy :
Embrac'd his Joseph, and in tears did cry,
" Since now I've seen my son I wish to die ;
Glory to him who all these things hath done,
Glory to God who gave me such a son !
A sacrifice, O' Lord ! I give to thee,
I die, and make my lasting peace with thee."
If ever human bliss was made sincere,
Reader, methinks 't was in perfection there.
Now mark my simile I pray, friend Rowe,
To set thee right I would some pains bestow :
See providence is wonderfully kind,
And all her works are for some good design'd.
What think'st thou is this narrative a tale,
Or does the truth o'er stubbornness prevail :

O ! where in novel-fiction can you find,
 A character like Joseph great and kind ?
 He knew no guile,—to every good inclin'd,
 In wisdom true his works did all begin,
 The fear of God e'er kept his soul from sin ;
 Nor could temptation make him go astray,
 Firm in the cause of virtue every way.
 His gentle manners gain'd him many friends,
 His gen'rous soul disdain'd all selfish ends ;
 He kept the faith and did the thing that's right,
 And what he did was done with all his might.
 Like a fair tree that grows by some clear spring,
 He did his fruit in proper season bring ;
 These are the things that make us void of strife,
 And these alone ensure an happy life.
 In Pharaoh's butler* see thy picture true,
 Whose heart like thine no kind remembrance
 knew ;
 Forgot his friend when in preferment's road,
 And as thou dost, despis'd the word of God.
 Turn and repent, then God will pardon give,
 Turn and repent, and like a christian live.
 Look o'er the ancient history's sacred page,
 We find there's infidels in ev'ry age ;
 Mark well their lives, behold their wretched end,
 Who would not have the Lord to be their friend ;
 He by a thousand ways can punish those,
 Who do in wrath his just commands oppose.
 Vice meets it's punishment in thorns and strife,
 And infidelity creates much grief,
 But virtue is a perfect gem in life.

Now Moses having rul'd by God's command,
 And view'd the Israelite's delightful land ;

* Genesis, xl, 23.

He leaves the plains of Moab and prepares,
To settle with the Lord his great affairs.
Now God unfolds to Moses his vast plan,
And shews him Gilead's groves e'en unto Dan :
And God to Moses said " I 'll make thee blest,
With thee my presence goes, and take thou rest ;
Behold yon goodly plains and me believe,
The same to Israel I for ever give :
The seed of which shall e'er possess the same,
But thou therein shalt have no part or name.
This land, said he, I give the chosen seed,
Because they kept my word—this is their meed ;
Go thou from Moab's plains to Nebo high,
Go view the goodly land, prepare and die !"
So Moses having kept the holy word,*
Departed as commanded by the Lord :
The purest author that e'er wrote with pen,
Th' inspir'd historian and the best of men ;
Whose last remains the Lord himself did lay,
But wherè exact, none knoweth to this day.
How nobly is describ'd the promis'd land,
The glorious work of an assiduous hand :
Who now can paint that happy Country fair,
It would require much more than Homer's care ;
Enchanting plains which each idea please,
Enrich the fancy, and our joys increase.
The land of Judah and of Ephraim too,
Of Jericho, and palm trees not a few ;
Manasseh, and the South, ev'n unto Zoar,
Wide Naphtali near which the sea flows o'er.
There in the gardens of continued spring,
Sweet birds of paradise for ever sing ;
The olive, and rich spice spontaneous grows,

* Deut. xxxiv.

The land where milk and Hybla's honey flows:
There's grateful citrons and the balmy reed,
Which do the imagination richly feed;
And ev'ry flower which bounteous nature yields,
Appears in order on these fertile fields.
And ev'ry tree whose fruit delights the eye,
Charms ev'ry sense, or makes the good wife sigh:
The grape full grown, luxurious plump and rare,
Two men one cluster as a burden bear;
The golden fields enrich'd with full-ear'd corn,
Yield bread in plenty and the vales adorn:
While art and nature, each in grandeur rise,
To form a sweet terrestrial paradise.
See Moses* as a matchless poet sing,
High praise to God our Father, Friend and King:
Who made the waters on a heap to stand,
While Israel's sons were sav'd upon dry land.
Stand still, the prophet said, and hear my word;
And see the great salvation of the Lord;
The Egyptian heathen whom ye saw this day,
Shall all henceforth for e'er be done away.
The thing was wrought, as said the prophet's word,
And triumph gloriously then did the Lord:
The Lord came down upon his fiery car,
The Lord's his mame, he is a man of war.
He would not hear the haughty heathen's plea,
And sunk them as a stone in depth of sea;
The waters cover'd 'em, they were no more,
And death o'ertook 'em on the red sea shore.
The Lord's right hand has gain'd him lasting fame,
His pow'r is great, and excellent his name:
Glory to him, who makes in heav'n abode,
Glory to him who is th' eternal God:

* Exodus, Chap. xv.

Again, when Israel saw the promis'd land,
He touch'd the lyre, and sung, "The Lord's at
hand;

Rejoice O heav'ns, and all the earth give ear,
The Lord from Sinai came and rose from Seir :
At his right hand ten thousand saints came down,
On Paran's mount he was to all made known.
In royal power and glory great he shone,
The mighty God, who hath great wonders done ;
Ascribe ye greatness to the living God,
Before whom heaven and earth have trembling
stood.

Think on the things which he hath done for man,
And mark how all his power and goodness ran ;
Be thankful to him, daily sing his praise,
For God is good in all his perfect ways."

Thus Moses had his wisdom from above,
His grace and knowledge all good men approve ;
His breast with pure exalted zeal was fir'd,
Unlearn'd of man, by God himself inspir'd ;
And thus the prophet was made fit and meet,
To write the old world's hist'ry quite complete.
For by divine assistance 't was alone,
That such a sacred work could e'er be done ;
No other hist'ry is to his compar'd,
And ev'ry nation of his fame hath shar'd.
In all his works what beauty's in each line,
So purely wrote, as by some hand divine,
While wit and majesty together join.

Next Joshua gave the law, that valiant man,
Whose conduct in the paths of prudence ran ;
Whose mind was full of patriotic zeal,
Firm in the cause of God, and Israel's weal ;
Determin'd to have just revenge on those

Who dar'd the gracious God of heaven oppose.
And in return the Lord to Joshua gave,
A grant, the like no other man did have ;
That he might then perform his maker's will,
The sun and moon,* about a day stood still ;
On Gibeon's plain this miracle was done,
And in the valley of fair Ajalon.

How could Rowe call these sacred truths a tale,
And say that man did never thus prevail ;
Know'st thou, all things are possible with God,
Who does in heaven and earth make his abode ;
And as subservient to his blessed will,
The world does move, or at his pleasure 's still :
His mighty works are past our finding out,
Tho' miracles have ceas'd, why dost thou doubt ?
Provoke not then my friend, an angry God,
Who makes the wicked tremble at his nod ;
Rebel no more, nor cause religious strife,
Be faithful, and thou 'lt have a crown of life.
The Scriptures do with certainty afford,
The best materials to confirm the word ;
A fund of knowledge suited to each case,
To mend our hearts, and give us lasting peace.
To give religion and to virtue force,
That all may profit by well-tim'd discourse :
These things regard not as an empty dream,
Because they first from our Creator came,
Historic truth oft sets the mind at ease,
Tho' simply told, it adds to native grace ;
It touches much the movements of the soul,
And mends the man impatient of controul.
It tells us what we may expect to be,
If once with rectitude we disagree ;

* Joshua Chap. x.

It teaches us our passions to command,
And that we may our duty understand ;
It shews us where to have right firm belief,
And brings us lastly to eternal life.

Thus, favour may be found in God's own sight,
By him who speaks the truth, and does what's
right ;

But vows should ever be with prudence made,
Let promises in reason's scale be weigh'd.

Unblest the man who would his words revoke,
Witness the vow which Jephtha rashly spoke ;
Altho' a valiant yet a thoughtless man,
Discretion coolly in his conduct ran :
Yet emulous in war, in haste he cries,
If God should let me beat his enemies,
The first thing after which mine eyes behold,
I'll sacrifice to him who hears this told.

Now Jephtha with success was crown'd that day,
His daughter therefore came and danc'd that way ;
The valiant captain now with grief run wild,
His vow perform'd upon his only child ;
This case, a warning stands on record fair,
That none should vow, but with the greatest care,
How abject and deprav'd the natural man,
Who will run counter to the Almighty's plan ;
Look o'er the holy Bible's sacred page,
We read of infidels in ev'ry age.

Mark well their lives, behold their wretched end,
Who would not have the Lord to be their friend :
He by a thousand ways can punish those,
Who do in wrath his just commands oppose.
Now Israel did rebel against the Lord,
They swerv'd from his commands and holy word :
And as a punishment for what was done,

He let them in their mad career go on,
And gave them over to th' uncircumcis'd,
Because they would not hear and be advis'd :
So the Philistines as it plain appears,
Were masters over Israel forty years.

At length a Nazarite of pow'r was born,
Whom God approv'd and did exalt his horn ;
His friends were much enraptur'd at his birth,
Because he was the strongest man on earth :
Made to deliver, and set Israel free,

So well did Samson with the Lord agree.

Now in the camp of Dan God's spirit mov'd,
The mighty man, both fear'd and well belov'd ;
With care he took an asses new jaw bone,
And slew a thousand men therewith as one.

He drove them like a flock of timid sheep,
Because he did the Lord's commandments keep ;
The mighty Samson had a lion's heart,
Yet Cupid there had lodg'd his pointed dart :

A brute Philistine's daughter did him move,
And quite unman'd him with improper love ;
His mother reason'd with him in this case,
But men in love make other things give place ;

And therefore he would take this dame to wife,
Who prov'd the plague of pow'rful Samson's life.

A man of war whose breast is fill'd with care,
Has seldom leisure to indulge the fair ;
For valor form'd, he little likes to yield,
And love unfits a man to take the field.

She thought he slighted her, and was unkind,
Which rais'd a tumult in her tortur'd mind ;
Her father full of project form'd a plan,
And gave his daughter to another man,

Which 'rag'd our hero to an high degree,

Who arm'd himself completely cap-a-pie,
Call'd down assistance from the pow'rs on high,
And smote his enemies both hip and thigh.
He swept them as a whirlwind 'fore his eyes,
Against him they no more could ever rise;
Thus perish all who do the Lord despise!
Our hero now for stratagem was fit,
And much excell'd his father law in wit;
He caught three hundred foxes in a vale,
With fire-brands fast he ty'd 'em tail to tail,
The same well kindled did with fury burn,
Among the rebels or Philistine's corn,
This plot to his advantage well did turn.
The rebels were discomfited so much,
Scarce one against him would a weapon touch;
Now Samson overcome again by love,
Once more the joys of wedlock deign'd to prove.
Delilah wily caught his ravish'd heart,
With ease she play'd the true intriguer's part;
A woman in this case has overcome,
The stoutest man that ever bled for Rome.
Samson now foil'd, no more in peace did sleep,
Wolf like she seiz'd upon her prey the sheep.
Corrupted by the brute Philistines she,
Did to them sell her husband's liberty;
They long'd to know wherein his strength was laid,
Because of Samson they were sore afraid.
She flatter'd him to tell her all his heart,
But Samson cozen'd her, and told her part:
She us'd all arts—of tears she shed a flood;
To gain her purpose, but he firmly stood;
At length she press'd him daily with fair words,
Which were to him more forcible than swords.
Thus Samson like a fool took woman's part,

The secret open'd and told all his heart ;
In consequence of which to his surprise,
Th' unfeeling Gazites put out both his eyes.
The strong man blind, and in the Gazite's pow'r,
Was call'd to make 'em sport in merry hour :
His hair was grown again, his strength return'd,
While he by sad experience wisdom learn'd.
Now in the house where two large pillars were,
He bent 'em as you do a lock of hair ;
Then fell the roof, and as true record saith,
Some thousands perish'd at our hero's death.
Reader, beware, and when you choose a wife,
On Samson think, and herein have belief :
Take one whose int'rest and your own's the same,
And let discretion fan the nuptial flame ;
For tho' your riches and your pow'r be great,
And tho' you 're fortunate in storms of fate,
If you the world could grasp, and kingdoms rule,
Yet without prudence you are but a fool.

Now Samuel was call'd, and in those days,
But few arose to give their Maker praise ;
The Lord prepar'd for him a judgment seat,
Establishing the same a prophet great.
Important things God did to him unfold,
Concerning Eli's wicked house of old :
His sons rebellious were become so vile,
And he in fault restrain'd 'em not for guile ;
Therefore no sacrifice could purge away,
Their sins remaining at this very day.
The prophet righteous, all approv'd his plan,
Grew high in favor with the Lord and man ;
In Israel he was judge throughout his life,
And all the people had in him belief.
Unlawful liberty the Hebrews tir'd,

A king in Israel therefore was desir'd :
Now Saul anointed was, but serv'd not God,
He therefore felt the Lord's avenging rod ;
And David in his stead was chosen King,
Which made the Israelites rejoice and sing.
See David as a ruler do his part,
He had strong passions tho' a noble heart :
He was a steady friend, an honest man,
Witness his love for hearty Jonathan ;
And as a father he was firmly good,
E'en to the wanderer of his royal blood :
" Oh ! Absalom my son ! my son !" said he,
" I would to God that I had dy'd for thee !"
Or if the monarch in the camp we view,
And justly render to all men their due ;
His magnanimity we own was such,
We cannot praise the god-like man too much.
He with the spirit of the Lord was fill'd,
And tho' a stripling he Goliath kill'd ;
Without war-weapons this great act was done,
While providence did guide his sling and stone.
The giant had defy'd the living God,
And rul'd the vile Philistines with his nod ;
But David's prowess made the heathen yield,
He, Marlbro' like, was master of the field :
His policy was sound, he govern'd well,
And men of shallow parts before him fell.
Made to adorn and to improve the age,
His wit and beauty did the world engage ;
All bounteous heav'n had form'd his figure such,
Pure nature moulded him with master-touch.
Tho' David's conduct had a partial blame,
Who look'd upon his face, forgot the same.
And all who knew his manners, were inclin'd

To favour much his pure exalted mind :
Behold him as a minister of state,
Or patriot true, he made his country great ;
Accomplish'd David as a courtier shone,
Whate'er he undertook was nobly done :
His works were manly done with all his might,
But who is he that is for ever right.
The Psalmist as an author foremost stands,
In ev'ry age admir'd, and in all lands :
Such elegance of diction in each line,
Such noble sentiments and thought divine ;
Must tell his readers that he was inspir'd,
And that his breast with ardent zeal was fir'd.
The zeal he had to glorify the Lord,
Is shewn in almost ev'ry psalm and word :
That zeal the Lord did take in such good part,
He mark'd him for the man of his own heart.
Now he that would a man completely know,
Must mark his manners in the natural flow :
Tho' circumvention he may use to some,
You see him clearly while he lives at home.
If we mark David in domestic life,
We find he had not always firm belief ;
Because he from the path of virtue mov'd,
And women of a carnal sort approv'd.
It's plain he first debauch'd Uriah's wife,
This done, he took away her husband's life :
That he at pleasure might enjoy the dame,
And from the injur'd get no pungent blame.
Variety to David gave fresh charms,
And therefore Abigail came to his arms ;
But while he fann'd this fierce unlawful flame,
The prophet Nathan to our hero came,*

* 2 Samuel, chap. xii.

And gave the libertine such sharp reproof,
As made poor David sick, and stand aloof.
The parable was couch'd so well, so home,
And keener than a sword the same did come :
It stung the conscience of the guilty king,
Who as a penitent did sweetly sing.

“ Forgive my sins, O Lord ! and hear my pray'r,
Watch o'er thy servant with a parent's care ;
O ! cleanse me from my secret faults, O Lord !
For I have sinn'd against thy holy word ;
Grant thou my pardon and send down the same,
So shall I live to glorify thy name.”

Now reader, make the monarch's case your own,
And let your sentiments in candor run ;
That king in his amour was much to blame,
None should encourage an improper flame :
But yet his godly sorrow for that deed,
Must make the human heart with pity bleed ;
View other men and they are quite as frail,
Indeed my soul does David's case bewail :
For true repentance was that king forgiv'n,
Prov'd, and accepted by the Lord in heav'n.
What tho' our sins may have a large amount,
If God forgives, none call him to account ;
Then let our works in charity be done,
Nor find out other's faults but mend our own.

Suppose in hist'ry we go farther on,
And view the labours of king Solomon ;
His proverbs are all moral, good and wise,
His maxims, such as few did e'er despise.
And tho' they are drawn up in language old,
Each precept is most beautifully told :
His style is easy, potent, good and plain,
That all men's memory may the same contain ;

His large experience and his judgment sound,
Does much in wisdom and in truth abound :
He shews us how we may avoid all sin,
That knowledge does in fear of God begin ;
How warily he leads youth up to man,
And guides him by a sure unerring plan ;
He tells us what we should in life disdain,
And how we may great wealth and honor gain.
He signifies how men should spend their time,
And how they may attain to thought sublime :
Industry he asserts will honor bring,
And put a man to stand before the king ;
He well directs us in each turn of life,
And bids us carefully avoid all strife.
He makes it plain appear that man is vain,
And that this life is full of care and pain ;
That troubles in this world will e'er abound,
And that no perfect bliss can here be found ;
That riches will no happiness secure,
And that all men some evils must endure.
These happy rules to all the wise man gives,
Supremely blest is he who by them lives.

The wise man's book, by some the preacher
nam'd,
Has ever been by learned men much fam'd :
He search'd out all things and the same did prove,
He also had whate'er his heart could love.
All human courses he survey'd with care,
And long enjoy'd the favours of the fair ;
He had great riches with a kingly sway,
But riches soon make wings and flee away.
To find out something new he much had done,
But all was old he prov'd beneath the sun ;
And having all this world could e'er afford,

Great grandeur, pomp, and an all-conquering sword ;

His equipage, his household, all was more,
Than any king had since, or saw before.

He well consider'd, and did much complain,
That this world's good and all therein is vain.

The temple which he rear'd or house of pray'r,
Was built with eastern well-wrought marble rare ;
It was so beautiful, and neatly done,

'T was nam'd the finest piece below the sun :
E'en God himself did deign to view the same,
And gave the monarch an immortal name.

The temple finish'd, now the king took care,
To thank the Lord, who stood in mercy there,
And make to him a truly grateful pray'r.

The same was done with such exalted fire,
The Lord now gave the king his heart's desire.
And furthermore he gave him wondrous worth,
Which made this man the greatest king on earth,
The presents which the neighb'ring soyereigns
gave,

Were more than Solomon did wish or crave.

The queen of Sheba came from distant clime,
To see the greatest wonder of her time :

And when she saw the king and heard his fame,
His riches, glory and his mighty name,
As one quite spiritless away she came.

Suppose we take our Solomon the chief,
And view him in his private walk of life ;
There in a mirror we his faults must trace,
The truth appears when men are face to face.
Some say all potentates lead wretched lives,
Like Solomon, who had seven hundred wives
That he in love and carnal folly shines,

Because he had three hundred concubines ;
Rowe judges hard altho' a perfect rake,
Consider well before you evil speak.
King Solomon was not a debauchee,
Because he with a thousand did agree ;
The custom of that time of darkness made
It right for kings to have such great parade :
And for parade the greater part were kept,
Since no man with a thousand ever slept ;
That custom in the east has now a sway,
There is seraglios at this very day.
Amours improper take a man aside,
There's most content in one good virtuous bride ;
When men are by their passions led astray,
They slide on smoothly in the tempter's way :
'T was so with Solomon at length we find,
Strange women did contaminate his mind ;
He sacrific'd to idols, went the road
That did provoke a just avenging God.
A happy life is no where to be found,
But in the path where virtue does abound ;
Let justice with the same before us stand,
Then peace in hoary age we may command.
Would Rowe peruse a true dramatic piece,
More fine than Homer ever wrote in Greece ;
Or does pathetic language touch thine heart,
Then read how Job did with affliction smart.
Of this world's good our chief did daily taste,
And he became the richest in the east :
His substance and his household were so great.
He seem'd in every wish and thing complete ;
Seven sons besises three virgin daughters fair,
Did daily in their dwellings sumptuous fare.
On certain days men came to hear the word,

And to present themselves before the Lord :
Now Satan came some part to circumvent,
For he was e'er on hellish mischief bent.
The Lord enquir'd of Satan whence he came,
And if he had consider'd Job by name.
Now Satan each infernal engine wrought,
And cry'd, " Doth Job thus fear the Lord for
nought ?

I know his holiness, his stubborn race,
Put forth thine hand, he'll curse thee to thy face."
The Lord now gave great pow'rs to this old elf,
And said, " Touch all Job hath, but save himself."
A messenger soon came to Job, and said,
" Thine oxen and thy asses, some have stray'd :
Others are struggling hard for want of breath,
The rest by Sabeans' hand are cut to death."
Another brought bad news and sore did weep,
Because a fire destroy'd Job's stock of sheep ;
A third there came who was with horror fill'd,
Job's house was fall'n, and all his sons had kill'd.
The parent rent his mantle, shav'd his head,
Kept his integrity, and weeping said,
" The Lord gave much, and now he 'th took away,
Eternal God ! I bless thy name alway."
For certain reasons now the God of heav'n,
More pow'r to Satan in this case had giv'n :
Those reasons were well founded there 's no doubt,
The ways of heav'n are past our finding out.
Now Job in deep distress had laid him down,
Smote with sore boils from foot up to his crown ;
His wife a prating woman weak and vain,
Reprov'd the valiant man in empty strain.
Chagrin'd to see her husband's virtue so severe,
Forgetting gratitude and godly fear,

As tho' she would the Lord of life defy,
In phrensy cry'd, " Go curse thy god and die."
But righteous Job a woman's weakness knew,
And as a firm philosopher was true :
Altho' Eliphaz did his soul reprove,
And say no pure religion Job did move.
But Job fear'd God and all his righteous laws,
" To him," said he, " I will commit my cause ;"
Vain man is born to trouble and to die,
As sparks of fire do always upwards fly.
If one true faithful friend we meet 't is rare,
And every path we tread, a thorn is there ;
The patient man sev'n days and nights now laid,
In dust and ashes, and of nought afraid ;
His friends who did at first his case bemoan,
Did now upbraid him for the things he 'd done,
Instead of comforting the troubled heart,
And healing wounds that did acutely smart,
They laid sharp nitre on th' affected part ;
While he in patience and in virtue shone,
Kindly protected by the Lord alone.
Th' Almighty found that Job was strictly just,
And that he well deserv'd the highest trust :
The Lord did therefore give to Job much more,
Than all the riches that he had before.
He prov'd his great integrity and worth,
And Job became the greatest man on earth :
Behold here is a portrait of the world,
How men are oft by pride and passion hurl'd ;
When Job was rich he had at hand a friend,
But when grown poor the love was at an end ;
Ev'n so 't is here, and at this very day,
He 's good for nought, whose cash is flown away,
Merit alone a simple figure makes,
And money only with the world now takes.

This narrative in scripture is well told,
And should be mark'd in characters of gold :
Reader be calm, take these things in good part,
And write Job's precepts on your tender heart.

How pure is piety in good men's sight,
And forcible are words deliver'd right :
How excellent the grace that's from above,
And sweet the counsel of the friend we love ;
So is the language that Isaiah penn'd,
Which virtuous men of ev'ry age commend.
The holy author by the Lord approv'd,
By gifts divine and ev'ry grace was mov'd ;
His writings do the heathen world persuade,
Dictated by that pow'r which all things made.
In ev'ry potent and majestic line,
We trace the labour of a hand divine ;
He who pronounc'd on them that truth despise,
And grief to them who're great in their own eyes :
The same to those who think themselves e'er right,
And prudent are in their own foolish sight.
Those that have long their works in darkness done,
At length a glorious light on them hath shone :
They're glad as men who harvest reap the while,
And like the soldier who divides the spoil ;
To us a child is born, a son is giv'n,*
The mighty God, th' eternal king of heav'n :
The King whose humble birth Isaiah told,
The wonderful, the counsellor of old.
The great Messiah, and the prince of peace,
The promis'd king whose reign shall never cease ;
With righteousness he'll judge the world in love,
The proud with equity he will reprove.
The rav'ning wolft then with the lamb shall dwell,

* Isaiah, chap. ix.

+ Isaiah, chap. xi.

And not one tongue will dare a lie to tell :
The lion and the leopard shall be tame,
A little child with ease shall lead the same ;
His kingdom shall be peace, in heav'n his 'bode,
The great eternal co-eternal God.

The case of Babylon the prophet told,
No more the shepherd there shall make his fold :
No more the Arabian there shall pitch his tent,
The heathen kingdom is like Sodom rent.
Those sacred truths the prophet told are clear,
That Babylon a City great and fair,
Should fall, and wild beasts make their caverns
there.

The owls and doleful creatures there shall dwell,
The satyrs there shall dance and fiends from hell ;
As spoke the man of God, these things are done,
And to this day a desart's Babylon.

Egypt he also told must soon come down,
And that no one therein should wear a crown ;
That city against city soon should rise,
Because they did the living God despise.

How sweetly does the prophet sing the word,
Exhorting all to fear and serve the Lord ;
In God alone let mortals put their trust,
The Lord Jehovah will defend the just.
Precept on precept write, and line on line,
A little here and there, a little thine :

“ I lay in Zion,” saith the Lord, “ a stone,
A precious stone, the just the mighty one ;
Who shall lay down his life, just for unjust,
And in the same shall all the Gentiles trust :
O ! comfort ye my people, saith the Lord,
Speak comfort to all those that hear the word.
Go tell Jerusalem her warfare's run,

That there's salvation in mine only son :
Fear not, for I will righteous men regard,
I am their shield, their certain sure reward.
A woman that's a mother, meek and mild,
She may perhaps forget her sucking child ;
But will the Lord forget his people? no,
He never will from his firm promise go ;
Sing, O ye heav'ns ! and be thou joyful earth,
A Saviour from a virgin shall come forth ;
I've laid on him the sins of all mankind,
And in his merits ye redemption find :
Note these things in a book, thus saith the Lord,
That all may know who doth obey my word,
And that it may remain for time to come,
Be this recorded in all Christendom."

Where is the learned Greek, and where the Jew,
If he believes one word of Scripture true,
And that the holy prophet's works are right,
The Gospel then must be his truest light ?
There's none so deaf as those that will not hear,
And none so blind as those who stubborn are.

Who reads the prophet Jeremiah's strain,
Must with him warble, and with him complain ;
So great the sins of wretched Judah were,
We with him sigh and count out tear for tear.
" Alas ! " said he, " the well known faults of men,
Are written firmly with an iron pen ;
And with a diamond's point is graven on,
The table of their heart what they have done.
Repent in ashes, turn unto the Lord,
And regulate your conduct by his word :
Remember that in God you put your trust,
Was he all mercy, he would be unjust."

The house of Israel now rebellious were,

Transgressors and stiff-hearted without fear ;
Near Chebar's pleasant stream Ezekiel stood,
And there saw visions of th' almighty God.
A cloud and whirlwind came out from the north,
From which the majesty of God shone forth :
A voice from which there come " Go son of man,
Tell Israel's sons to change their wicked plan,
Or they shall die," and thus the warning ran ;
" One third part of the same shall fall by sword,
Because they disobey their maker's word ;
Another third by famine sore shall rot.
As men who have the name of God forgot ;
And what remains the winds shall chase away,
Fear not Ezekiel, this unto them say :
And yet a remnant shall be sav'd," said God,
" Who righteous are, and dread th' avenging rod."
The sins of Judah now became so great,
And king Jehoiakim in vice complete :
The Lord in justice thought it meet and fit,
That Judah should to Babylon submit.
Now this was done as God himself had spoke,
" I have a remnant which shall bear no yoke ;"
See Israel's sons who would not be advis'd,
Were justly for rebellion well chastis'd.
Not all of these did act a wicked part,
There was a Daniel with a perfect heart :
The same for wisdom was approv'd at court,
Because he was in dreams and things expert.
The king had now a most perplexing dream,
And God gave Daniel to expound the same ;
This now revers'd the prophet's thorny fate,
Who took his place within the monarch's gate,
The king in sin and folly was grown old,
Set up an image made of eastern gold,

Which all must worship by the king's command,
But providence had here a ruling hand,
And Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,
Would such base folly ne'er consent to do :
And therefore they were in a furnace thrown,
The like for heat before was never known.
The furious king now urgent gave commands,
And said, what God can save you from my hands ?
The fire exceeding fierce did slay the men,
Who took the righteous to the burning den.
The heathen monarch now with warm desire,
Beheld the upright men while in the fire :
" Four men," the disappointed ruler cry'd,
" I see unhurt, who in their God confide.
The fiery furnace they have safely trod,
The fourth in form is like the son of God :
With trembling fear the king now smote his breast,
And cry'd, " The living God be ever blest ;
For he's that God which men should serve alone,
The everlasting God, who this hath done."
The Lord thought fit to humble this proud man,
While arrogance in all his conduct ran ;
He would not have the Lord to be his shield,
Because he did with pow'r a sceptre wield.
God lifteth up, and whom he will takes down,
This impious king now therefore lost his crown ;
He graz'd like oxen on the open plain,
And did in great humility complain,
Till God was pleas'd to give him all again.
At length the king did rest his weary head,
His son Belshazzar then reign'd in his stead.
Hence learn all monarchs and ye men of state,
That pow'r alone ne'er stamps a man complete ;
'T is noble virtue makes us truly great.

What tho' a man may call the east his own,
And has the brightest gems t' adorn his crown,
Yet without godliness he's but a beast,
And ev'ry day a bitter cup shall taste.
See righteous Daniel, God was with him still,
Who did the prophet with his spirit fill.
The new-made monarch gave an impious feast,
Of sumptuous fare, the produce of the east;
The vessels from the temple of the Lord,
All made of gold, he had to grace the board,
With richest wines each climate could afford.
These with his lords, his wives and concubines,
An heathen crew, against the Lord combines;
They prais'd the gods of gold, of brass and stone,
Till God chastis'd him for the things he'd done.
Darius th' Median o'er the kingdom ran,
But he was of Belshazzar's wicked clan:
In all his policy a very elf,
He wish'd to have none worship'd but himself.
But Daniel ever righteous, ever good,
To his integrity e'er firmly stood;
He serv'd his maker as the best of men,
Behold him guarded in the lion's den.
And thus protected are the good and just,
Who fear the Lord and in his mercy trust;
Be faithful unto death, and true to all,
Who does these things shall never greatly fall.
This prophet as the first in any age,
Must all the hearts of all the wise engage;
In the last chapter of his book but one,
He clearly shews what's now in Europe done;
Such wond'rous foresight to this man was giv'n,
He stood indeed a prodigy from heav'n.
Now Israel's sons in paths of ignorance trod,

They worship'd idols and forgot our God ;
Religion once neglected, falls away,
And busy Satan oft leads men astray.
When men in piety become luke-warm,
They leave the house of God, yet think no harm ;
Who serves the Lord by halves has but weak faith,
True virtue is good deeds the scripture saith.
Bad customs grow upon us unawares,
Like soil ill cultivated brings forth tares ;
And he that would the law of God fulfil,
Must truly serve the Lord with free good will.
'T is better we had seen no path divine,
Than know it well, and from the truth decline ;
Of Christian zeal let Britons ne'er be tir'd,
Where much is giv'n, there will be much requir'd.

The blessed word now to Hosea came,
Complaint was made of those who did blaspheme ;
A people hard'ned, and inur'd to sin,
Like Ethiopians cannot change their skin :
This prophet therefore from the Lord was sent,
To see if any would at heart repent.
" O ! Israel, how hast thou thyself destroy'd,
Forsook thy God—with wine thy stomach cloy'd ;
Shall I my furious anger execute ?"
Said God, " I am not like to man or brute ?
Lost man shall in my son find grace,
But first I will chastise this stubborn race."

Next Joel call'd th' ungodly to repent,
For they on whoredoms had long time been bent ;
Now sanctify a feast, the prophet said,
Be wise, and in the paths of virtue tread :
The great, the solemn day is near at hand,
When all in judgment 'fore the Lord must stand,
But yet the glorious God in mercy cry'd,

Fear not, O land ! no harm shall thee betide ;
Your fats shall flow with wine, your floors with
wheat,

Keep my commands and ye 're a people great.

How wonderful the works of God above,
Who in a thousand ways displays his love ;
Yet man ungrateful and to evil prone,
Lightly regards the things which God hath done :
And as the new-laid egg is full of meat,
So is man's heart as pithy in deceit.

Perverseness strange pervades the human breast,
And envious man disturbs his neighbour's rest ;
So 't was with Eve, who our first father knew,
In doing wrong she found a pleasure new.

In Nineveh the great, 't is on record,
That men like brutes forsook the living Lord :
Of all but this world's good they were bereft,
So ignorant they knew not right from left.

The Lord to Jonah said, " Arise and go,
To Nineveh, where thou hast much to do :
Go cry against it, for indeed the sum
Of all their wickedness before me 's come."
But Jonah fled from presence of his God,
And fain in Tarshish would have made abode ;
As he from Joppa sail'd, a storm arose,
While Jonah did the secret all disclose :
" I 've sinn'd," he cry'd, " O ! hear my hearty plea,
Take up my body, cast it in the sea ;
'T is for my sake the tempest on you came,"
'T was done—the storm now ceas'd, and all was
calm.

Great God ! thy healing, all-supporting hand,
Is seen within the floods, and on dry land ;
Thy ways are intricate in all men's sight,

Thine is the brilliant day and dreary night ;
Thou hast prepar'd a resting place for all,
Without thy notice none can rise or fall ;
Truly majestic is th' Almighty's plan,
And truly trifling all the works of man.
Now Jonah in the deep did think on God,
And dread the well deserv'd avenging rod ;
The Lord who all things does with special care,
For Jonah's safety did a fish prepare :
A whale took up the prophet in the deep,
And did the rambler in his belly keep,
Three days and three whole nights the preacher
stood,

Within this mighty monarch of the flood.
At length the speaker made his ardent pray'r,
To God, who watch'd him with a parent's care ;
The Lord now caus'd the fish to come to strand,
And vomit Jonah on the free dry land.
'T was now the second time that came the word,
The holy word to Jonah, from the Lord :
God said, " Go thou to Nineveh from me,
And preach the words which I shall tell to thee."
So Jonah on th' heavenly mission went,
He taught the Ninevites as he was sent,
And they in dust and ashes did repent.
What tho' great Nineveh for sins did mourn,
Her sons corrupted did to folly turn ;
Ruin ensu'd, and all were swept away,
Reserv'd for judgment at the last great day.

To Micah there was much reveal'd from heav'n,
The Lord had to this man great talents giv'n ;
The sons of Jacob worship'd idols still,
For they consider'd not th' Almighty's will.
The men of Maroth waited long for good,

And little of their duty understood ;
Near all in this world's riches put their trust,
And laid up stores which did decay and rust.
Their superficial virtues took no root,
No argument but stripes would them confute ;
The Lord himself did condescend to plead,
With Israel, that he might his people lead :
A Saviour now was promis'd as their chief,
That all who trusted in him should have life,
His kingdom was to conquer death and sin,
That men in righteousness may life begin ;
Of all the christian virtues giv'n to man,
And all the force that e'er in rhet'ric ran :
This prophet in his five pathetic lines,
As an ambassador from heav'n he shines.
" The Lord hath shewn thee man what here is good,
And what by thee should well be understood ;
That to do justly is the happy thing,
Which will salvation and contentment bring ;
That 't is requir'd we all should mercy love,
And humbly walk with God who dwells above."

The house of Israel yet to idols gave
Their harden'd hearts, no living God would have ;
Tho' many righteous men by heav'n were sent,
Vice grown familiar, man would not repent.
The old Mosaic dispensation done,
Now God to save us sent his only Son :
Who, as Isaiah said, was humbly born,
That prophet true, which should the world adorn.
Not carnally begotten of man's host,
He was conceiv'd and of the Holy Ghost :
Born of a virgin of an heav'nly clan,
The only mother who had known no man.

In Bethlehem of Judah it is said,
There Christ was born and in a manger laid :
Angels from heav'n rejoic'd—proclaim'd his birth,
While he was worship'd by the chiefs on earth ;
Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And pure good-will to all men never cease.
A leading star did in the east appear,
To shew the king of all the earth was there :
While Herod, cruel man, that bloody Jew,
The infants two years old, and under, slew,
Because, like Rowe, his pride would never own
That Christ was heir to an unfading crown.
A prince he could not bear of Jesse's root,
Stamp'd as he was, a monarch absolute ;
Besides all this, he was an heathen brute.
Mark now the wisdom of our God above,
Who gave his only Son to prove his love ;
An angel sends to Joseph, bid him flee,
To Egypt quick there for a season be,
And with him take his infant son and wife,
For that this Herod sought the young child's life :
The holy family by night repair
To distant Egypt, find a refuge there.
'T was by the prophet spoke what there was done,
That out of Egypt God would call his Son.
Now where is thy belief, O stubborn jew !
Compare the ancient Scriptures with the new ;
Thy weak tradition thou must plainly see,
The works of God will evermore agree.
The Holy Youth when but twelve years of age,
Did in the temple with wise men engage :
Who were astonish'd at his doctrine true,
And something more than man he was they knew ;
But yet, like Rowe, they thought he was too mean

To wash mankind from all offences clean.
Like Rowe, they, fond of empty shew elate,
Would have no Saviour but what came in state ;
With all their learning, and their works sublime,
They wish'd to have a potentate of time :
Whereas the kingdom of our heav'nly friend,
They oft were told should never have an end.
God's judgments on that sect it seems are come,
There's scarce a jew who has a settled home :
Scatter'd as vagabonds all o'er the earth,
They're look'd upon as men of little worth.
Go hide your heads, ye unbelieving crew,
Go, and do penance for your follies, do :
Remember God will judge the proud and great,
All must appear before his judgment seat ;
And those who would not go salvation's road,
Will be deny'd before the living God.
Did not the ancient prophets speak of John,
Who made the way for Christ, the promis'd one ?
Go read Saint Matthew's works and be advis'd,
It was our Saviour whom this John baptiz'd ;
When lo, a voice from heav'n o'er earth did run,
Proclaiming, " This is my beloved Son
In whom I am well pleas'd—the corner stone."
When he attended at the marriage feast,
He was the welcome, and the highest guest :
And all who saw him own'd his pow'r divine,
Who turn'd the water into best of wine.
See all the critics, and the great Saint Paul,
Much short of our good Saviour's precepts fall ;
He taught as one to whom all pow'r was giv'n,
The great ambassador from God in heav'n.
How excellent his sermon on the mount,
There we have knowledge at an heav'nly fount,

There we at once see whom we should caress,
And there's the measure of our happiness:
Blessed are the poor in spirit, to them is giv'n
Their just reward, a kingdom great in heav'n :
Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall have
That comfort which doth reach beyond the grave :
Bless'd are the meek, for their intrinsic worth
Shall give them to inherit all the earth :
Blessed are they which hunger do and thirst
For righteousness, in heav'n they shall be first :
Bless'd are the merciful, they shall obtain,
That mercy which will bring a constant gain :
Bless'd are the pure in heart, their road
To life eternal leads, they shall see God :
And blessed they who in this world make peace,
They shall be children in a happy place.
Blessed are they which for their virtue's sake,
Are persecuted, and it patient take ;
And bless'd are ye, when men shall evil speak,
Against you falsely, for my own name's sake ;
When these are done to you, great's your reward,
Rejoice, be glad, the Lord doth you regard :
For so before you did they persecute
The prophets and good men of great repute.
Of all the language that was ever wrote,
Or all the sermons of the highest note :
Of all the writings critics ever penn'd,
Or all the saints did ever recommend ;
This sermon will be deem'd in ev'ry clime,
The most pathetic, and the most sublime.
But more than this, he made the lame upright,
The deaf to hear, the blind to have their sight :
He heal'd the sick, acutest pains he drove,
And caus'd the dumb to sing in grateful love.

The winds and seas obey'd his great command,
And by his pow'r was heal'd the wither'd hand ;
The fever, palsy, and the issues sore,
Were at his pleasure cur'd, and seen no more :
He with five loaves, and two small fishes fed
A multitude of poor who wanted bread.
He cast out many devils, his pow'r was such,
That those were heal'd who did his garments touch ;
But yet a greater act his fame hath spread,
He rais'd up Laz'rus from the sleeping dead.
How did the poor disciples with fear shake,
When Jesus made his path upon the lake ;
Faithless, like Rowe, their hearts were hard as stone,
Altho' so late a miracle was done.
In him behold the Lord himself from heav'n,
Come down that all may have their sins forgiv'n :
The world degen'rate, so corrupt was grown,
The way of righteousness by few was known ;
Therefore the mighty God in heav'n had said,
There must atonement for man's sins be made.
The gracious Son attends his Father's call,
O ! let not man, said he, forever fall,
Tho' great his sins, to me impute them all.
How condescending was this act of grace,
The Saviour came, and took our fleshly race :
He took our nature on him at his birth,
And was the only perfect man on earth.
The Alpha and the great Omega too,
Whom God ordain'd a mighty work to do :
Think, Rowe, on what the same hath done for thee,
In perils oft, in pangs upon the tree ;
In nakedness and cold, in hunger, thirst,
Despis'd by jews, and as a traitor curst ;
Revil'd by many—ne'er revil'd again,

Falsely accus'd, and yet did ne'er complain.
A man of sorrows, and much us'd to grief,
He serv'd the rich, he gave the poor relief;
He became poor, and had no dwelling-place,
That we might have the riches of his grace;
For us he bore variety of pain,
Was buffeted and scourg'd, crucify'd and slain;
Nail'd to a cross, and with two thieves expos'd,
To such like cruelties were Jews dispos'd:
"Take him away! let him be crucify'd!"
The wanton wretches in their fury cry'd;
But mark their end, who spoke those vile decrees,
They dy'd like murd'rers on the cross-like trees.
What weighty business in that hour was done,
When God, to save mankind gave up his son:
His only son, whom he himself did call
To be the last great sacrifice for all.

How did the great Evangelists unfold,
The dying scene with deepest sorrow told;
Darkness appear'd o'er all th' eastern land;
The graves were open'd at the Lord's command;
While many bodies of the Saints and just,
Arose, and in our Saviour put their trust:
Rocks mov'd, the temple's vail was rent in twain,
And Jews, not us'd to weep, then wept in vain,
They dreaded much their Lord's avenging rod,
Trembled, and said he was the Son of God.
The thing so long foretold, complete was done,
The earth did shake, and nature gave a groan;
The whole creation in convulsions lay,
And awful gloom o'erspread the mournful day.

Mark the poor thief who with his Saviour dy'd,
When in the agonies of death he cry'd,
"Lord! when thou dost into thy kingdom come,
Remember me, who with thee shares thy doom!"

The blessed Jesus in his latest hour,
Display'd to man his more than mortal pow'r ;
Assur'd the penitential thief that he
That day with him in paradise should be.
Abundant goodness for contrition great,
Like him may Rowe repent e'er 't is too late :
Like him may'st thou in latest hour obtain,
That mercy which exceeds all wordly gain.
But let this pure forgiveness which we trace
In holy writ, be deem'd an act of grace ;
Such special pardon wont to all be giv'n,
Mere death-bed sorrow's not approv'd by heav'n :
Youth is th' accepted time to grieve for sin,
In fear of God, true wisdom does begin.
Let sober thoughts to ev'ry soul belong,
Life is but short, eternity is long ;
Remember, God requires a just account,
Prepare, think on thy secret sins amount ;
Prepare, since God may shortly call thee hence,
What will Rowe answer, where is his defence ?
For know thy Saviour's risen from the dead,
The Christ who had not where to lay his head :
He death o'ercame, and no corruption saw,
The mighty conq'ror, who fulfill'd the law ;
And as the holy men of God did say,
He rose triumphant, on the great third day.
The angel of the Lord from heav'n came down,
And roll'd away the new sepulchre's stone ;
The keepers shock'd as in a frightful dream,
Confounded were, and like dead men became.
No more shall death o'er Christ dominion have,
No more is he a pris'ner in the grave ;
The Captain of our great salvation's rose,
Bade death defiance and his jewish foes ;

He rose immortal, and became the chief,
Who op'd the gate of everlasting life:
The earth, and all the heav'nly pow'rs did sing,
" The son of David is eternal king."
He hath his promise to the Apostles kept,
And is become first fruits of them that slept:
For as in Adam all must die—believe,
Ev'n so in Christ shall all be made alive.

Boast not, O young man ! of thy strength and
sway,

Remember, God surrounds thee ev'ry way !
What art thou without grace when left alone,
But like an image made of mould'ring stone.
Such was Saint Peter when he Christ deny'd,
And such are all who in themselves confide;
Smote by th' omniscient eye which all beholds,
And ev'ry secret of our heart unfolds :
Perfidious Peter who no faith had kept,
Thought on his injur'd God and sorely wept.
Mark well St. Thomas by vain thoughts deceiv'd,
Would not believe till he the grace receiv'd ;
Except, said he, I put my finger where,
The sharpen'd nails my master's hand did tear:
And furthermore except his side receive
My hand, I never can in him believe ;
But when our Lord did peace proclaim and came
In midst of those that glorify'd his name,
He call'd to Thomas, bid him have no fear,
His finger put where nails had printed there.
" Reach here thy hand," said he, " and thrust my
side,
And be not faithless but in me confide :"
With reverential fear th' Apostle stood,
Convinc'd, and cry'd, " Thou art my Lord, my
God !"

“ Thomas, because thou’st seen me,” said the Lord,
“ Thou hast believ’d me—think thou on my word:
Then blest are they who have the truth receiv’d,
Have never seen me, and have yet believ’d.”

How frail is man when to himself he’s left,
Of God’s assistance, and of grace bereft;
May all attend the warning call and know,
That ’t is from grace that all our virtues flow.
Th’ Almighty saw that man could not fulfil,
The law he made, and do his Maker’s will;
A Saviour therefore promis’d was, when Eve,
In her transgression did the man deceive.
The Scriptures rightly spoke of all these things,
And ev’ry part fresh to our mem’ry brings,
Each circumstance exactly as it rose,
And heav’ly wisdom did each line compose.
The works of Moses and the prophets stand,
As doings of a wise, unerring hand:
With foresight, and with prudence all were done,
They knew that God had promis’d us his Son;
And what he promis’d us at Adam’s fall,
Was found in Christ the Saviour of us all.

The happy work our Lord did come to do,
Near done, he said, “ I to the Father go.”
The sage Apostles he inspir’d to teach,
In ev’ry Nation, and the Gospel preach,
And gave them pow’r to cure disease and pain,
To some their sins remit, to some retain;
He bade them go, baptizing all that are
Their Saviour’s friends, and humbly walk in fear.
“ Mark those,” said he, “ who in me do believe,
For they alone, salvation will receive;
And those who in the present life are first,
Will in the world to come be found the last.

Fear not, altho' ye be despis'd and roam,
For your reward is in my kingdom come ;
Here in great perils ye 'll offend be,
And for my sake have care and poverty ;
Ye in this world must tribulation have,
And where ye seek protection there's your grave.
Drink of my cup, and eat my bread, he cry'd,
" And thankful be, that I have for ye dy'd ;
This do in kind remembrance oft of me,
And be assur'd, that peace will with ye be ;
Receive ye now the Comforter and know,
My hour is come, I to the Father go."
A cloud convey'd him to the realms above,
Where all is joy, and everlasting love ;
Where with the pure and just he makes abode,
Seated for ever at 'right hand of God.

How well Saint Matthew, and Ogilvie do,
Describe the last great day in beauty true ;
But when that day shall be it is not known,
That solemn day is fix'd by God alone :
When the whole earth and all that is therein,
Shall melt away, and men shall cease to sin ;
When the Arch-Angel, with a trumpet's sound,
Will summons to the bar, the nations round ;
The graves unfold, the sea gives up her dead,
A book is op'd, the Covenant is read,
In which recorded is, in letters fair,
Our crimes, and all our secret faults is there.
The Lord with all the Heav'ly Host will come,
The Judge of all mankind will fix our doom,
He comes from Heav'n, the mighty potentate ;
He comes in all the majesty of state.
Then Rowe will from his bed of dust arise,
To meet a Saviour whom he did despise.

That Saviour whom thou hast deny'd to men,
May also thee deny, where art thou then?
For ever lost, repentance comes too late,
An angry God, none must presume to treat;
Thy sins in order pil'd upon thine head,
Bring shame, and sad remorse, thy hopes are fled.
God is a righteous Judge, to all will give,
Their full reward as they on earth did live:
Mansions of bliss he hath prepar'd above
For holy men, who did his laws approve;
While endless torments are reserv'd for those,
Who did the Saviour of the world oppose.

Go search the Scriptures, for in them we find,
The choicest treasure to enrich the mind;
The four Evangelists were call'd in youth,
To be eye witnesses of sacred truth.
They like true soldiers did obey the call,
And for their master's sake forsook their all:
And as firm patriots they maintain'd the cause,
The cause of God and his unerring laws.
A writer's happiest art is to persuade,
'T was their's to teach us, and our hearts pervade;
As authors foremost on the list of fame,
They had obtain'd an high distinguish'd name;
A name of which no other men could boast,
They were inspir'd, and of the Holy Ghost.
Their writings come with such peculiar force,
In them we taste the marrow of discourse:
The purest energy runs through each line,
And rapturous graces in each sentence shine.

Would we peruse a narrative of facts,
The same we find recorded in the Acts;
The Christian warfare's beautifully told,
And that experience does the truth unfold;

That human life does with sharp thorns abound,
And that true happiness is rarely found ;
That evil hunts the wicked worker through
His crooked paths in all he wills to do ;
And that the man who does the truth despise,
Can ne'er be happy, useful, good, or wise.
The Apostles learned works improve us all,
But none are equal to converted Paul ;
Well educated at Gamaliel's feet,
He all things knew that are for Christians meet.
To him was more than common talents giv'n,
His call was from the Lord himself in heav'n ;
His works have thousands brought to know the
truth,

The harden'd sinner, and the tender youth.
No diff'rence is between the Jew and Greek,
All are accepted who devoutly seek :
The Lord no partial love to man hath giv'n,
Only the just can claim a place in heav'n.
Our good Apostle writes with so much ease,
He dictates freely and his maxims please :
The Romans in his doctrine had belief,
He pointed out the path that leads to life.
To pure religion he gave fresh delight,
Admonish'd all, and set the heathen right :
He told the Gentiles that when God they knew,
They glorified him not, and were untrue ;
That they had thoughts unthankful and unwise,
And that they did the sacred law despise.
The body's deeds must all be mortify'd,
" Be all your passions quite subdu'd," he cry'd :
" Go serve the living God, not idols vain,
For you Christ dy'd, for you he rose again."
To those of Corinth he sends terms of peace,

And says, "From law suits and contention cease ;
In charity and love be faithful friends,
On such the Lord of life a blessing sends ;
He stirs them up to be of lib'ral mind,
For such alone can sweet contentment find.

The gay Galatians he upbraideth much,
Because they did on worldly matters touch ;
They oft from faith and gospel truths fell off,
And at religion made a shameful scoff.
He said, "Go, one another's burdens bear,
And comfort those who are o'erwhelm'd with care ;
Th' Apostle to th' Ephesians writes in love,
Rejoicing that they do the truth approve.
He much exhorts to unity and peace,
And that they may from serving idols cease :
" Awake, my friends," he said, "and stand upright,
Awake, and walk as children that have sight,
Rise from the dead, and Christ will give ye light !"
He speaks of foolish talking, and vain words,
Which mirth to fools, and such like men affords ;
He notes the duties of a man and wife,
And signifies that love must sweeten life.
He acts so well the true preceptor's part,
He must engage and mend the human heart ;
Ev'n Lyttelton* himself in error trod,
Before he read St. Paul he knew not God,
The Philippians with energy he moves,
To do the things the law of God approves :
That in their doings they may be sincere,
Give none offence, and keep their conscience clear,
And work their own salvation out with fear."

* The famous lord, already spoken of, he was in his youth a deist, but on reading the book of Isaiah and the works of St, Paul, he became a sincere Christian.

He much commends all lowliness of mind,
And hopes they 'll study to be good and kind.
He writes to the Colossians in pure love,
Exhorting all to seek the things above :
He saith, " Subdue your passions on the earth,
And give to righteousness the newest birth.
If ye have hope, and would hereafter live,
You must your neighbours trespasses forgive ;
But more than these, pure charity put on,
As Christ forgave, the same by you be done.
The peace of God should ever rule your hearts,
And thankful be that ye have Christian parts.
Children their parents ever should obey,
And ev'ry master rule with gentle sway ;
Servants should act the honest, humble part,
And let our works be done with all our heart.
Paul with the Thessalonians does rejoice,
Because with him they gave to God their voice ;
And that from serving idols they have turn'd,
And righteousness in all her paths discern'd.
" Be sober, watch, and e'er to pray'r be giv'n,
Ye are the special care of God in heav'n ;
Keep in your minds the words I to you say,
Prepare for death, and for the last great day :
That day you know comes as a thief of night,
And therefore set the Lord before your sight.
Put on the breast-plate of pure faith and love,
Be wise as serpents, harmless as the dove :
Comfort the feeble minded, cheer the weak,
The part of ev'ry injur'd person take.
Count godliness with sweet contentment gain,
From all appearance of bad works abstain ;
Attend these precepts, and you will not fall,
And may the God of peace be with you all."

Now Paul to Timothy expounds the law,
That holy thing which did the Gentiles draw ;
Pure charity's the great commandment's end,
The good man's guide, and never failing friend.
Of all the virtues that adorn the mind,
In charity the truest bliss we find :
It constitutes the moral duties pure,
Comforts old age, and makes our peace secure.
Our good Apostle in his happy flow,
Does hearty pray that all may come to know
That sacred truth which is our truest guide,
The Christian's glory, and the great man's pride.
Behold him as a wary pilot move,
While ev'ry reader must his work approve ;
He well describes the enemies of truth,
And warns us to avoid the lusts of youth :
Foreboding that there will false teachers rise,
Who will the perfect laws of God despise ;
And such there are, the friends of wretched Rowe,
The tools of Satan, and his fiends below.
Paul tells good Titus how he ought to preach,
And does him freely as a pastor teach ;
And pastors should be taught; you know, before
They give to others of the milk of lore.
To all good works he does the bishop move,
In purest diction from the pow'rs above :
A style so plain, yet elegant was made,
To charm each sense, and ev'ry soul persuade.
To Philemon he writes in love, because
The same did service in the Christian cause ;
A fellow lab'rer in the holy word,
Whose greatest glory was to serve the Lord.
Paul to the ancient Hebrews wrote in words,
Which much improvement to the world affords ;

Of large experience by the learned taught.
With useful knowledge he was early fraught.
Experience is the touch-stone of all truth,
It helps the aged, and convinces youth ;
With zeal for his great master's glory fir'd,
By God and man our hero was inspir'd.
He represents the majesty of God,
And guides the humble in salvation's road :
As Christ did in the flesh with man agree,
We therefore should to him obedient be.
Moses less worthy than he was a priest,
Then Moses' law was done away by Christ :
A covenant that 's new, the Lord hath made ;
The old shall vanish; as a garment fade.
For us th' Apostle was inspir'd and said,
That all our faith without good works is dead ;
Be ye not took away with ev'ry wind,
And let your heart establish'd be and kind.
No conversation have for greedy gain,
Thank God for what 's your own, and ne'er com-
plain :
The covenant that 's made he ne'er will break,
Nor will he once the righteous man forsake.
Saint James writes friendly to the tribes abroad,
An hearty soldier in the Christian road,
Who says, " For wisdom we must ask of God.
We should be firm in ev'ry word and plea,
A wav'ring man is like the troubled sea ;
Thrice blest is he who can temptation stand,
A crown of life is his at God's right hand.
Now ev'ry perfect gift is from above.
Sent freely from the God of all in love ;
Be ye good doers of the holy word,
Not hearers only, when before the Lord :

All pure religion undefil'd must be,
And such with God will evermore agree.
It takes the fatherless and widow's part,
And comfort speaks to ev'ry troubled heart ;
To all that suffer wrong it gives relief,
And keeps a man unspotted in this life.
Fulfil the royal law and be no elf,
Thou must e'er love thy neighbour as thyself ;
For whosoever shall maintain the same,
And yet be in one single point to blame,
He breaks the tenor, and has stain'd his name.
And he that does no charity bestow,
The Lord to him no mercy e'er will shew :
Behold how small a member is the tongue,
And yet it oft leads all the body wrong ;
How blest is he who rules at will the same,
Speaks as he should, and gains an honor'd name.
Submit yourselves to God in all you do,
Resist the Devil and he will flee from you :
Humble yourselves, and God will lift you high,
Draw near to him, and he is ever nigh.
To one who knows he should good works begin,
And does 'em not—to him it is a sin ;"
So said the well directed and inspir'd,
The good Saint James, with pure devotion fir'd :
Whose valued works, altho' in precepts old,
Should all be stamp'd on leaves of purest gold.
Peter, to strangers scatter'd all abroad,
He as a faithful guide points out the road ;
Prepar'd by him, who was the truth, the way,
That leads to life and everlasting day.
Lay ye aside all malice and all guile,
And without cause your neighbour ne'er revile,
Abstain from fleshly lusts, which hurt th' soul,

Flee fornication as a crime most foul ;
Esteem ye all men, love the brotherhood,
Honor the king, and do your country good.
E'er be united, and of one pure mind,
Have much compassion, and be truly kind ;
Render none evil, but be prudent, wise,
And if your brother's poor, don't him despise :
The man who would live long and see good days,
Must keep his tongue from all deceitful ways.
Eschew all evil and hold fast the good,
And ne'er with vice contaminate your blood :
Love not the world nor that which is therein,
For love of money is the root of sin ;
And he that will be rich shall have much care,
A little is enough, too much a snare.
Now seeing that these things must pass away,
And that there is reserv'd a judgment day,
When earth and all therein shall cease to be,
And all our faults we shall in order see.
What conversation and what works should then
Belong to us poor wretched thoughtless men :
Since we these things have clearly understood,
And know that God will make his promise good,
May we from all our works of darkness cease,
And in that day be found of God in peace.
Saint John exhorts us all to have belief,
In Christ that we may get eternal life :
And that if we within ourselves conceive,
That we've no sin, we do ourselves deceive.
But if we do our sins confess and trust
In God, who faithful is, and ever just ;
Then he in mercy may our sins forgive,
That we eternally with him may live.
St. James's brother, Jude, writes short yet well,

And much he does in one epistle tell :
He says, we should be stedfast and unmov'd,
And keep the faith by all good men approv'd ;
For tho' we may our proper duty know,
And have in mind a pure religious flow ;
Yet after all we may forget his name,
The great Omnipotent, from whom all came,
Unless we are reminded of the same.
For certain men have crept in unawares,
Corrupted much by worldly means and cares :
Whose folly does in much low cunning run,
And in the Christian church some hurt have done ;
Let such base men to their confusion know,
They soon will fall, like vain mistaken Rowe.

St. John, not slain, as some for Christ had been,
Was banish'd and in Patmos Isle long seen ;
While in the spirit there behind him came
A mighty voice, or sound of lofty fame.
Which said, " Behold I am the first and last,
I'll tell thee future things, and what is past :
All that thou seest write in a book with care,
And send the same to Asia's churches fair : "
I turn'd and saw one like the son of man,
Whose countenance like fire before me ran.
He laid his hand upon me, and then said,
I'm now alive, altho' I once was dead :
Write to the churches and their works reprove,
Or they the ways of God will ne'er approve.
I know them, they are neither hot nor cold,
Their faith is weak, I know their works of old ;
Go tell them quickly, say by whom thou 'rt sent,
And that they're lost except they all repent.
The ways of God are intricate to man,
Because we cann't discern his mighty plan ;

Some read the revelations as mere dreams,
But know vain man, they are important themes :
Through them we have a view of things in heav'n,
'T is our's to thank the Lord for what he 's giv'n ;
Through them we see the glorious scenes to come,
The blest abode, or man's eternal home.

Sublime that verse; which nearly thus is done,
The elders all fell down before the throne ;
" And thou, O Lord ! art worthy to receive,
The praise and glory which to thee we give :
For thou, O God ! art wonderfully great,
It was thy power that did us all create,
And for thy pleasure all these things thou dost,
Thou mad'st the worlds and all th' heavenly host,
Glory to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
All pow'r be thine, and here be thy abode,
Honor to thee, the co-eternal God.

The key of knowledge to St. John was given,
A mission'ry from God himself in heaven :
A door unfolds above, and heaven displays,
The holy powers and all their splendid rays.
The bright beatitude of peace appears,
And glory opens on my eyes, my ears !
While all the pure inhabitants above,
Employ themselves in songs of praise and love.
Behold one sat upon a gorgeous throne,
Much like a jasper, and a sardine stone ;
His mien like light'ning, and his feet as brass,
Before him stood a crystal sea of glass ;
Thus said the eloquent, the sage St. John,
Whose labors were with God's assistance done ;
His potent language and his heav'nly lore,
Are such we have not seen nor heard before.
His imag'ry transports our very soul,

While sacred truth much beautifies the whole,
The majesty of God, the saint's attire,
must fill the mind with pure exalted fire ;
The forms of worship, and the prayers above,
Incline the heart to gratitude and love.
The awful sentence on the wicked give,
A warning to the sons of men that live ;
A thousand ways the Lord himself reveals,
What we should know, he ne'er from man conceals :
And while we look the sacred pages o'er,
We should not question but his name adore.

The book here spoke of is a work sublime,
Altho' to some it may a myst'ry seem :
It is a warning that we all may know,
There is rewards above—a hell below ;
And those who will the path of Satan tread,
Will ne'er believe, tho' one rose from the dead.

If hardness at Rowe's heart does still prevail,
Then is this work to thee an idle tale :
The Holy Bible thou wilt light esteem,
And pure religion call an empty dream.
Canst thou such writings as the Scriptures find,
Like them authenticated, well design'd ;
To make us happy, useful, good and wise,
There is the fount whence all our comforts rise :
And there's a fund of knowledge to be found,
Such as in other books did ne'er abound ;
However intricate our case in life,
The Scriptures search, and there we find relief.
If such another book thou canst produce,
Like that adjusted for our common use ;
Canst thou such maxims and instruction find,
In any writings of the heathen kind ?
Or if in foreign language thou canst trace,

More weighty words or lessons of more grace ;
Than in the book of books there is contain'd,
Then I'm convicted, and to thee resign'd ;
At once I 'll own thy doctrine does prevail,
And say all scripture is a fictitious tale.
Come forth, I challenge thee to combat then,
We'll leave decision to impartial men :
Suppose that I am wrong, what do I lose,
E'en then I only empty nonsense use.
But if I should be right, then where is Rowe ?
Consign'd for ever to the shades below ;
And such perhaps thy dwelling-place will be,
Since heaven itself would be no heaven to thee.
I thank thee gracious Lord of heaven and earth,
That thou hast made me know my little worth ;
That I am sinful dust and ashes, made
To do the work thou hast before me laid.
O teach me to be humble, good, and wise,
To know my duty and the world despise ;
O teach me e'er to venerate thy word,
To praise and magnify thy name, O Lord !
Enrich me with thy heav'nly grace and be
A guide, a portion and defence to me :
Let not the pride of life my passions sway,
And lead me in the everlasting way ;
Have mercy on me in the hour of death,
And let me praise thee with my latest breath.

The sudden death of the Author, which happened while the foregoing composition was passing through the press, must apologize to the subscribers for the omission of the remainder. This event, it is hoped, will not affect their original design, which was to render a benefit to an exceedingly amiable man, who by means of this publication was endeavouring to oppose the current of adversity which had beset himself and family, at a time when he was subjected to a most painful bodily infirmity. The unfortunate circumstance of a widow and several young children being left unprotected and unprovided for, will undoubtedly strengthen their claims on the benevolence of the subscribers.

EPISTLE
 TO A LEARNED CLERGYMAN,
 ON THE
 ERRORS AND DECLINE OF
 POPERY.

INSCRIBED,
 WITH DEFERENCE, TO THE REV. THOMAS WIGAN.

Awake, my muse, thy choicest treasure bring,
 While I presume of ancient rites to sing ;
 And things which pass'd in sabled days of yore,
 When first a pontiff blest the Roman shore.
 But how dare I in verse attempt to tell,
 The myst'ries Wigan has explain'd so well ;
 Thy knowledge of religion in each age,
 And pious life, must all our hearts engage.
 Tutor'd by thee, I hope my life to mend,
 Thou art my best admonisher and friend :
 And since a copious field is op'd for me,
 I ask permission to expatiate free.

In 'year of Christ, I think 't was fifty four,
 When holy men took their religious tour ;*
 The good St. Peter it is said, by some,
 Was call'd first bishop of imperial Rome :
 Had his successors trod the path he made,
 That country ne'er in ruins had been laid ;

* Acts xv, 7, 22, 23, 25, 26 ; also read the whole of that instructive chapter.

He did in grace and humble life abide,
 But popes lov'd lucre, cruelty and pride.
 Then Linus* great was seated on the throne,
 And Cletus† after, was a mighty one ;
 The Clements‡ next began to run their race,
 And Peter-pence, a tax came in a-pace :
 Pardons were purchas'd for all sorts of crimes,
 And stews were licenc'd in those shameful times.
 Thus did the pope his treasure great possess,
 While to his name was added holiness.
 Well might that wretch§ be call'd the man of sin,
 Who did each week from certain meats abstain ;
 At length set up himself for something more,
 Than God himself, whom nations do adore.
 The loftiest altar in their church at Rome,
 There to the super-human all bow down :
 They praise him as a being more than man,
 And say his person is of heav'nly clan.
 All those to whom his shœ|| is giy'n to kiss,
 Are nobly honor'd with immortal bliss :
 In high balcony, oft times he 's a seat,
 Y'clad in purple and rich robes of state.
 The mob then cry, he 's beautiful as holy,
 And such is their extravagance and folly :
 Their purgatory doctrine is a jugglē,
 A trick complete, by which much pelf they smug-
 All transubstantiation work is such, [gle.
 To those absurdities I cannot crouch ;
 Their pray'rs to saints I also disapprove,
 Let our requests be made to God above.

* Began his reign A. D. 69. † 80. ‡ 93.

§ 2 Thessalonians, ii, 3, 4, a true description of the Pope or antichrist. See also 9, 10, 11, 12.

|| See modern trav'ls in Italy.

Of all the vanities I 've seen, the most,
Is their procession of the Holy Ghost :
Which, if at any time you chance to meet,
E'en in a narrow path, or public street,
Whether the strangers number's great or small,
Upon their kness they instantly must fall.
All pure religion is in reason founded,
But their long arguments are weakly grounded :
The popish priests made worldly pelf their mark,
And kept all others groping in the dark.
The laity then no Bible ever had,
Which shews their principles were very bad ;
But now we have the Gospel's blessed ray,
The Roman errors are clean done away.
Will reason in the present age believe,
These facts and think the author does deceive ;
But yet more well known truth unsung remains,
Procur'd with patience and unwearied pains.
The man who to old Paulus* cash had given,
Was told his soul was sure to go to heaven :
But if the dying christian was quite poor,
No bliss for him, " St. Peter 's shut the door."
Enormities like these were practis'd on,
Till Henry Tudor† mounted England's throne ;
When he a profligate, and fond of pelf,
Secur'd the Convent's treasures for himself.
'Twixt he and Catherine there arose some strife,
Because she prov'd to be a barren wife :
The haughty Henry, fond of using force,
Would therefore, right or wrong, his queen divorce.
The Pope perverse would never give consent,
Whom tardy Henry much did circumvent ;

* Began his reign A. D. 1534.

† King Henry 8th, who began to reign in the year 1509.

Divorc'd his queen, made Anna Boleyn fair,
 The partner of his bed, his crown, and care.
 By this one match, did England's cause much
 mend,
 And thus did popish pow'r in Albion end :
 Such mad-men may at intervals be wise,
 And sometimes good from evil does arise ;
 Tho' Henry with the Pope now took no part,
 He yet retain'd a rigid papist heart :
 Nor friends nor wives in him could e'er confide,
 An hypocrite he liv'd, a bigot dy'd.
 The reformation partly then began,
 And Wickliffe* boldly preach'd the truth to man :
 While Bonner† persecuted ev'ry way,
 And bloody Mary did the sceptre sway.
 Near half the bishops in her wicked reign,
 Were burnt to death, and ask'd for life in vain :
 Firm Latimer‡ walk'd double to the stake,
 While pious Hooper§ fervent pray'rs did make ;
 And such a candle lighted, without doubt,
 As never will in England be put out.
 Those martyrs stood up in a glorious cause,
 And bid defiance to her hellish laws :
 They laid the ground work of religion pure,
 And built our church upon a rock secure ;
 Till good Eliza, who had worth innate,

* Before spoken of. † The then brutish bishop of London, who, with Gardiner, bishop of Winchester endeavoured to increase the papists by burning the protestants.

‡ Hugh Latimer, the aged bishop of Worcester, and friend of truth, bent down with infirmities, a honor to human nature.

§ Bishop of Gloucester, an heroic christian, who call'd for more fire while he was burning, to prevent his lingering in the flames.

The protestant persuasion made complete :
Her name to England will be ever dear,
To glory rais'd by virtues of the fair.

Destruction next was threaten'd us by Spain,
King Philip sent th' armada on the main ;
When Pius, their vain pope, on purpose came,
To call it the invincible by name.

But soon the Don's design was brought to nought,
For God was on our side, and with us fought :
The Spaniards proud had sure and certain hope,
That much success was given 'em by the pope :
Like great Goliath did in strength confide,
And dar'd the Britons on the foaming tide ;
But neither pope or dons could ever beat
Our hearty tars, superlatively great.

The grand armada soon was rent in twain,
Completely foil'd, few ships return'd to Spain :
Much blood was shed, in ev'ry point they fail'd,
Old England and the church reform'd prevail'd.

When we the hist'ry of those times do read,
How does the humble heart with pity bleed ;
And who but must a Cranmer's* case bewail,
In him behold all human nature frail.

When in the flames his right hand he stretch'd
forth,

“ Go first,” said he, “ thou art no better worth :
Thou hast offended, thus be from me freed,
Go perish with that wicked, bloody deed.”
The storm now over, comes a welcome calm,

* Archbishop of Canterbury, who signed the popish articles, but recanted, and was sentenced to the flames ; he suffered with great fortitude, and was so angry with himself for his former folly that he said, as above related, in the midst of his extremity.

In maiden queen we found true comfort's balm ;
 The church was govern'd in a milder way,
 And pure religion had at length the sway.
 Luther^t did purely lead the christian sheep,
 And Knox in Ireland did strict vigils keep :
 Calvin perform'd a watchful pastor's part,
 Made to engage and mend the human heart.
 Thus undisturb'd the thriving church and state,
 Remain'd reform'd for eighty years complete ;
 Till cruel James, the bigot duke of York,
 Did set the popish fiends afresh to work.
 Yet to the great surprise of ev'ry one,
 That monster plac'd himself upon the throne ;
 Which such confusion made, as all must dread,
 And for a shadow, Russel lost his head.
 Sev'n bishops were at once in tow'r confin'd,
 They would not be to popish laws inclin'd :
 While Hough, who afterwards to Worcester came,
 Withstood the tyrant, and obtain'd great fame.
 At length the haughty James's pride came down,
 He fled to France an exile, lost his crown :
 While William, prince of Orange, came with glee,
 And set our nation from the despot free.
 Thus almost ev'ry way we've been assail'd,
 By wicked men, whose base attempts have fail'd :
 Who break all laws both human and divine,
 Appear religious, yet all good decline.
 Thanks be to God, who does the vict'ry give,
 And bids mankind to serve his Maker live :

* Martin Luther, a renowned preacher and leader of the protestants, against whom, king Henry 8th. wrote a book, for which Pope Leo 10th titled him defender of the faith, in the year 1521.

His goodness daily does to us afford
Great blessings, all through Jesus Christ our Lord;
He feeds his people with a parent's hand,
While guardian angels watch this favor'd land;
A land of peace, where milk and honey flows,
The promis'd land, where rich abundance grows.

Whatever foes may Britain's sons assail,
O Lord! let them against us ne'er prevail:
And may thy church reform'd remain quite pure,
From base corruption, and from war secure.
May sharp contention on the Gallic shore,
And all mistaken zeal be heard no more:
There may the sons of iniquity mourn,
And to their Maker, and their duty turn.
May all men learn to be of one good mind,
And to each other's welfare be inclin'd;
May each esteem another as himself,
And quite forgotten be the love of self.
Almighty Father, all our sins forgive,
O may we humbly walk with thee and live;
Thy gracious will in Heav'n and earth be done,
Make pure our hearts, and let them be as one.
In life, O reverend Wigan! would I steer,
With thee, and keep from all offences clear;
Then would this feeble frame of mine, I trust,
Like thine be e'er prepar'd to sleep in dust.

EP1STLE
TO
A MEMBER
OF THE
HOUSE OF COMMONS.

INSCRIBED,
WITH RESPECT, TO MILES PETER ANDREWS, ESQ.

Hard is the task in public life to steer,
Without offence, and keep a conscience clear !
To speak with freedom in a Nation's cause,
To please all parties and maintain the laws :
To serve our country and oblige the king,
Must be a delicate and arduous thing,
Since he who does on politics e'er touch,
Must please too little, or offend too much ;
In iron days we cann't be free from sin,
Happy the man who has sweet peace within ;
Who e'er like thee keeps justice in his sight,
Must have philosophy and do what 's right ;
And tho' the path of truth before us lies,
How few endeavor to be truly wise.
With deep concern the truth is here confess,
There 's too much pride in almost ev'ry breast,
The chief disturber of our natural rest.
See most are fond of superficial things,
A fair outside but little comfort brings :

Good information and true worth innate,
Are ornaments to him who moves in state.
A novice ne'er in parliament should sit,
Give me the man of sense and sterling wit,
Whose penetration sees at once the thing
Which will true honor to his country bring,
And be approv'd by noble George our King.
The world, good Sir, is greatly chang'd of late,
We all are struggling in the storms of fate :
Our wants are great, they can't be all supply'd,
Tho' ev'ry method is in traffic try'd.
Oppression seems the fav'rite work of man,
How few now go upon a lib'ral plan ;
Monopoly is got to such a pitch,
By dashing some are grown like Crassus rich :
While others fail in vain attempts and fall,
Do what we will there 's not a prize for all.
The wheel of fortune will, you know, go round,
Like Sol, which does in treasure great abound,
Yet cannot always in one place be found.
Nature to all has not great talents lent,
Man's summum bonum is to learn content,
And think the ways of providence are kind,
Since ev'ry creature is for good design'd ;
Thrice happy he who keeps his judgment clear,
And is industrious in his proper sphere.
There are, who think they should be quite com-
plete,
Could they obtain in parliament a seat :
But let such poor mistaken zealots know,
Content don't always in a senate flow.
There 's much to struggle with, and much to do,
Let all be qualify'd before they go
To serve in that important grand concern ;

They 've much to think on, and a deal to learn :
'T is weighty business done by men alert,
While ev'ry actor 's in his part expert. A
The vast concerns of state require great skill,
Which must the mind with emulation fill :
Besides they bring corrosive care and strife.
These much embitter all the joys of life.
Chagrin and disappointment oft ensue,
Which things, ev'n men of fortitude undo ;
And such, the stoutest heart sometimes will tame,
There are who value life much less than fame :
O what a bubble is that fame, for which
Some men seek after with a longing itch.
Well did the wise man say, when all is done,
There 's nothing new beneath the glorious sun ;
Our riches and our honors only vex,
And power possess'd does oft the head perplex ;
When all is in the scale of justice cast,
A christian is the noblest thing at last.
He is society's best member still,
He freely breathes to all mankind good will ;
He e'er promotes the welfare of the whole,
And is the best physician of the soul ; A
But who is he that lives on such a plan,
Good Andrews surely is the very man. A
And will he deign to hear a rustic sing,
Who softly soars on pegasean wing, A
Whose wants are many, and whose faults are more,
Of humble birth, near Severn's fertile shore ;
Who meekly hopes he shall not write in vain,
And that you 'll hear him while he does complain,
When modern Gaul with Albion war did wage,
And desolation o'er the world does rage ; A
When sad disputes ran high, and came to blows,

Abroad, at home, surrounded by our foes.
When commerce droop'd her all-supporting head,
And at her feet the sciences lay dead.
When all our food and ev'ry thing is dear,
And taxes high takes our poor profits clear.
Then Andrews to our ancient borough came,
To grace our records with his honor'd name;
To speak the truth, and kind assistance lend,
In these dull times to prove himself our friend:
To tell us by what means we may obtain
Those needful things we 've sought so long in
vain;
To ease our cares, and make our burden light,
To mould us happy and set all to right.
Your upright conduct does so smoothly run,
And so much good you 've for our borough done,
That all our hearts I think are fairly won.
Accept, my friend, the hearty tribute due,
A poor acknowledgment this is to you:
Fain would I give you all you wish or need,
But all good men must have from heav'n their
meed;
Our noble Peter we will e'er respect,
And into parliament the same elect:
There may you flourish and maintain our cause,
There may you have the well deserv'd applause:
There to Great Britain may you soon restore
Her long lost comfort, and hear strife no more.
That happy peace which earnestly we crave,
May you establish and we freedom have;
Since from blest peace, and pure good-will doth
flow,
The truest comforts man can hope to know.
Alas ! our wonted spirits are near dead,

The much admir'd and British ardor's fled :
That noble fire so long to England known,
Methinks is to some distant country flown !
Our laurels fade, our dearest hopes are crost,
Now Pitt and Nelson to their Country's lost,
Cut off, as by a sharp, untimely frost.
See weeping Fame in sabled robes complain,
We never shall behold their like again :
And since their glass is now completely run,
By ev'ry member much is to be done ;
Exert yourself each way with double care,
You're equal to the task with talents rare,
I would if possible the loss repair :
A proper leader is a happy thing,
To ev'ry cause it does much honor bring.
When Chatham steer'd the weighty helm of state,
He made his sovereign and his country great,
Also his son a minister complete.
The father's virtues in young William shone,
'T is needless here to say what they have done :
In life to copy these I'd have you strive,
Strain ev'ry nerve and like a patriot live.
We cann't work wonders or to honors rise,
Without industry, and discerning eyes ;
If these dull maxims give but one good hint,
Your humble bard will find great pleasure in 't.
Rouse then, good Andrews ! your persuasive
tongue,
Will set the senate right whene'er 't is wrong ;
Your reason and your humour's pleasing vein
Will great attention and success obtain :
And will I hope in wholesome laws contrive,
How Britons may in peace and plenty live :
Bring back again as 't were the golden age,

When truth and friendship did each heart engage :
When most in Stephen's Chapel* serv'd their
friends,

Like good lord Somers,† for no selfish ends.

Like him, may you, corruption base despise,

Like him, may you, your Country aggrandize :

Like him, may you, adhere to honest rule,

And ne'er to party be a servile tool.

A fawning sycophant I cann't endure,

All should be free and make their calling sure ;

An independence is an easy thing,

I love my country yet I'd serve my king.

The want of prudence is the want of all,

Who has it not, will like a blockhead fall :

Always stick close to what you undertake,

We have five senses, keep 'em all awake.

Drink little wine, retain your judgment clear,

The man of rectitude has nought to fear ;

Should either party in the house do wrong,

Then spate 'em not, but use your ready tongue.

Your rhetoric flows free as the river Nile,

Let not that flow your country e'er beguile,

Nor think true honor lies in titled name,

To do us good, be that your constant aim :

So that the wise and just‡ may ne'er refuse,

To send to Westminster the brave Andrews.

* The old House of Commons. † The celebrated Chancellor.
‡ The Corporation of Bewdley.

EPISTLE

TO THE FRIENDLY

JOB NOTT

BIRMINGHAM.

A rustic who for fame ne'er wrote,

Begs leave to greet his friend Job Nott;

With deference such as did become,

The greatest slave in martial Rome;

Thy honest zeal and pleasant ways,

Deserves much more than all my praise;

Thy writings pure were e'er inclin'd

To breathe good will to all mankind:

They shew great Vulcan's numerous sons,

Which way their common int'rest runs;

And in thy maxims we may trace,

The road that leads to perfect peace;

That path's a guide to glory too,

And those who beat it are but few.

Corrupt is grown the heart of man,

How few go on a reg'lar plan:

How few attend to what is right,

And keep the Lord before their sight.

It is because they are inclin'd,

To follow vice of ev'ry kind:

It is because they like some fool,

Must always let their passions rule.

But as their genius e'er was great,

I hope in time they 'll grow sedate ;
Tutor'd by thee, I wish to find,
You have reform'd the vulgar kind,
Tho' some are bad, not all are blind.
But ah ! how few among the whole,
Whose base desires will bear control :
See crowds in haste to ruin run,
As mobs mind all things but their own.
There are who love the joys of wine,
And call the yielding fair divine :
While others swear that pleasure true,
Belongs to those who game pursue.
Some would be vers'd in politics,
And practise various knavish tricks ;
They think the man who has low cunning,
Is greater far than learned Dunning.
Some read the papers in great haste,
To such it is a daily feast :
They always talk of George's cares,
And much neglect their own affairs.
The poor mechanic wants to know,
How things above do ebb and flow ;
A friendly party form a club,
Which oft the parliament do rub.
One takes the chair—of grace possest,
Who reads much better than the rest ;
Perhaps he knows his A B C,
And therefore 's thought a prodigy.
He stumbles much and makes new words
Which mirth to all the crew affords :
By quid-nunc papers much they learn,
And think they all things thus discern.
In fancy'd wants they daily crave,
And their own way would always have :

Not thinking that their idle prate,
Has nought to do with things of state ;
And that the bus'ness of the nation,
Is done by men of education.

Now let these club-men take my word,
Such parliaments no good afford,
These tipling meetings are absurd.
One instance now I'll give to you,
The chair-man of this valiant crew,
Must spout of things both old and new.
And while he did the nut-brown quaff,
Wrote for himself an epitaph :
He dy'd soon after, when he gave,
Commands to have it o'er his grave ;
Perhaps you'll think I'm making 'fun',
Yet in these words the same doth run.

“ I said I would not doie,
But here I loie,
Kill'd by a skoie.”

Now if you don't this truth regard,
See in Hales-owen wide Church-yard.
When Taylor liv'd how different then,
He much adorn'd the sons of men ;
His genius turn'd so many ways,
He well deserv'd the poet's praise.
He much improv'd the useful arts,
Because he had the brightest parts ;
Also increas'd your foreign trade,
And notable discoveries made :
Without his aid your town had ne'er,
Been so much notic'd ev'ry where.
A Bolton, too obtain'd great fame,
He left behind a honor'd name :
In ev'ry curious art he shone,

Much good indeed by him was done.
I might have thought a little sooner,
Of one they call a good old Spooner:
He was of an industrious brood,
And in his station did much good;
I lov'd him for his noble spirit,
He gain'd a fortune with great merit.
Nor shall my poor insipid lay,
Forget the rare inventive Clay;
His useful, active turn of mind,
Was e'er to ev'ry good inclin'd.
A Ryland too, I much approve,
He is indeed the friend I love,
Because he acts a christian's part,
And always had a noble heart.
His neighbour Mewis is my friend,
I therefore must the same commend;
Whose good industrious, honest, ways,
Deserve my thanks and all my praise.
Ketland and Galton have much fame,
Establish'd fairly is their name:
And those that want a right prov'd gun,
Such work by them is firmly done.
While hearty Gill can make a sword,
To please a soldier or a lord.
Shall Bisset's genius be forgot,
Or shall the name of Bewick rot?
Their works will be remember'd still,
And do the world with wonder fill.
Besides all these there's not a few,
Who are to worth and genius true,
The world makes up a motley crew.
We must take all men as they are,
While some have neither thought or care;

And if we would in peace abide,
We should put up with others pride ;
Their faults sometimes we must not see ;
Or we cann't long with them agree ;
But what most makes my hatred rise,
Is now-a-days to hear such lies ;
For truth seems turn'd quite out of doors,
And half the folks behave like boars ;
In whatsoever path we tread,
'T is strange we meet but few well-bred.
Is this the age of reason then,
When scarcest things are honest men ?
When this world's good is all that 's sought,
And virtue's dwindled down to nought.
When if a man has riches gain'd,
None ask him how it was obtain'd ;
When ev'ry soul is full of wonder,
And half the world does live by plunder.
The fav'rite axiom seems with all,
To catch at things before they fall :
Much happier they who do subdue,
Their passions rising not a few.
A conquest, worthy any price,
Such as the ancients made in Greece ;
Tho' heathens they, their virtues were
Of noble sort, and most severe.
Witness a Cæsar, Pompey too,
Such heroes now there are but few,
Who have like them true valour shewn,
And life for others' good laid down.
Aristides was truly just,
Lycurgus ne'er betray'd his trust ;
Numa, the sage did vice despise,
And Solon was the patriot wise.

Look round the world, how diff'rent now
To filthy lucre all must bow.:
But few thirst after righteousness,
But few, true virtue do possess :
But few do after knowledge itch,
And all, like Crassus would be rich.
It is not minding 'fairs of state,
That makes the man be truly great ;
It is not blaming Fox or Pitt,
That makes us for good members fit ;
It is not merely being clever,
That does the heart from vices sever ;
It is not also by belief,
That we can gain eternal life ;
It is not knowing most things well,
Will save a soul from horrid hell.
But 't is a life of of innocence,
A conscience void of all offence :
A life that is entirely new
It is that must the great work do,
A life that 's pure and holy too.
To lead that life may we e'er strive,
And God will bless us while we live.

EPISTLE, TO THE LADIES

WHO PRESENTED

Military Colours

TO THE

GENTLEMEN OF THE BIRMINGHAM
ASSOCIATION.

When Boadicea grac'd the plains
 Of Albion in her car;
 With emulation great, the swains
 Did vie to win the fair.
 By good example oft she taught
 Her troops the art of war;
 Each british youth with vigor fought,
 To guard the lovely fair.
 When great Eliza fill'd the throne,
 Exaltd was the fair;
 Then England rais'd to glory, shone,
 Our safety was her care.
 She drubb'd the Dons upon the main,
 And did th' Armada tear:
 Said she, " Go tell the king of Spain,
 I have a spirit rare."
 She did the popish church reform,
 Performing all with care;
 And left the Pontiff in the storm,
 Which drew from him a tear.
 From Orange, James's daughter came,
 And brought her William rare;
 They, as one Monarch rul'd with fame,

Our rights preserv'd with care.
They made the jacobites bow down,
 By virtues of the fair ;
And were an honor to the crown,
 All parties did declare.
When good queen Anne the sceptre sway'd,
 How blest this favor'd land :
The Nation's fear'd, her will obey'd,
 And Marlbro' gave command.
By fame these virtues are convey'd,
 To Birmingham with care ;
There nourish'd by each prudent maid,
 Magnanimous and fair.
Two curious flags the loyal dames,
 To sons of valor give ;
In honor of those noble names,
 Who for their country live.
This mark of true respect they shew,
 Much our design approve ;
And in return our hearts o'erflow,
 With gratitude and love.
Accept, sweet girls ! our highest praise,
 Our warmest thanks we give ;
May you be happy all your days,
 And we to guard you live,

TO MR. DONNE,
AFTER ATTENDING A LECTURE ON
ASTRONOMY,

delivered in his Academy, February 20th, 1805.

May I presume to send my humble lays,
To him who well deserves a Plutarch's praise :
Made to engage and to improve our hearts,
Is Donne, great master of the useful arts.
Tutor'd by thee, the age must grow refin'd,
Thy lectures serve to cultivate my mind ;
Thou hast the path of glorious Newton trod,
And dost like him display the works of God.
This globe's a little spot of fertile land,
Compar'd to Sol, great work of God's own hand :
When we the labors of th' Almighty scan,
How poor and mean appears the work of man ;
While we the sun and noon-tide sky survey,
How powerful is that glorious king of day.
His magnitude and distance must surprise,
The perfect scholar, and the nicest eyes :
Nine hundred thousand times* as big as earth,
Such is the sun, a fire of greatest worth ;
It's great diameter the learned shew,
Of millions, eight hundred and twenty two.
The moon from her vicinity appears

* Sir Isaac Newton's computation, see Religious Philosopher, page 749. Also see the works of the learned Dr. Derham.

More large than any of the sparkling stars,
And yet she is the least of all the train,
So it appears by computation plain :
Three hundred thousand miles it seems by tale,
Is Luna's distance, in our Newton's scale.
How vast the circle Saturn does unfold,
Some hundred million miles across* I'm told ;
This truth appears by philosophic laws,
And who but God did all these wonders cause.
The nature of the tides you well explain,
And from thy labors we much knowledge gain ;
For man the seas were form'd a treasure great,
Which none but God alone could e'er complete.
Behold his wondrous foresight e'er contrives
The path of prudence for each soul that lives :
But man, short sighted, will but little trace,
Of things belonging to eternal peace.
How awful is the change from day to night,
Foretold's the 'clipses to a minute right :
How quick's the motion of the globular earth,
More quick the sense of him who gave us birth.
How wonderful is form'd the human frame,
More wond'rous He, from whom our being came.
Go on, good Donne, and glorify his name.
Teach me to live within my narrow sphere,
To judge aright, and get pure knowledge clear ;
Long may you live devoid of care and strife,
And have the comforts of a well spent life.

* I cannot reduce this calculation to a nicety, being told by a German philosopher.

GRATITUDE.

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO THE SUBSCRIBERS TO
THIS WORK.

Almighty God! to thee I bow the knee,
Thou art a guide and constant friend to me;
'T was thy creative hand from which I came,
To praise and glorify thy holy name.
'T was thou that led me up from youth to man,
To justify thy ways and form my plan;
To eye the walks of nature and to sing
The matchless works of our eternal King.
But will the great Omnipotent e'er deign
To hear a worthless sinner thus complain?
Yes, God is merciful and kind, I trust,
But let me ne'er forget that God is just,
Oft have I sinn'd and done the thing that's wrong,
As oft perhaps I've faulter'd with my tongue;
With hearty penitence I own the same,
O hear me, Lord, and put me not to shame;
O cleanse me from my sins and mould me pure,
It is not thine to bruise but make a cure.
I thank thee, Lord, for all the things thou'st done,
Thro' all my veins I feel thy kindness run:
I thank thee, that my work is near got thro',
Thou gav'st me help in what I had to do.
Thou didst sustain my weak and feeble frame,
While in faint efforts I did laud thy name;

O may my poor attempt e'er be the cause,
Of making man obedient to thy laws ;
If but one sinner through my work repent,
Then I 've done right for good is my intent,
I write not to obtain poor empty fame,
'T is done, O Lord ! to glorify thy name,
And to be thankful to my worthy friends,
Whose timely bounty such true comfort sends ;
Whose friendly aid was done with pleasant zest,
To soothe my mind, and set my heart at rest.
I ask'd protection and 't was freely giv'n,
For which you 'll have a due reward in heav'n ;
My humble and my warmest thanks you have,
For all the favors you so kindly gave.
May ev'ry happiness this life attends,
Be e'er enjoy'd by all my faithful friends ;
May they be strangers to corrosive grief,
And have true comfort in eternal life.

Gratitude, thou heav'n-born gracious thing !
Which all adorns from beggar to the king ;
Thou art the solace of ev'ry guest,
A candid prompter to the human breast :
Through thee we taste the sweets of blessed peace,
That peace within which makes our sorrows cease ;
'T is by thy special aid we 're brought to know,
From whence our comforts and our blessings flow.
'T is by thy influence we do set the Lord
Before us and attend the holy word :
All men in gratitude to God should live,
For numerous mercies which we e'er receive.
Divest a man of thankfulness,—what then ?
He 's stamp'd a brute or worst of living men ;
But he that 's grateful to his God and friend,
Will lead that life which all good men commend,

And be a christian at his latter end.
How amiable does gratitude appear,
To thinking men or those of judgment clear!
It is a property supremely good,
The heart's best comforter, the mind's rich food.
The thankful heart enjoys a constant feast,
While men of pride are counted as the least;
Humility and thanks for what we have,
Find those rewards which reach beyond the grave.
The great Almighty, from his lofty throne,
Does e'er with pleasure on the earth look down;
To give contentment to the upright heart,
Who as a christian acts the grateful part.
When this world's good and time itself shall cease,
Then gratitude will find in heaven a place;
There shall she rest unhurt, with sacred truth,
And ever flourish in immortal youth.



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